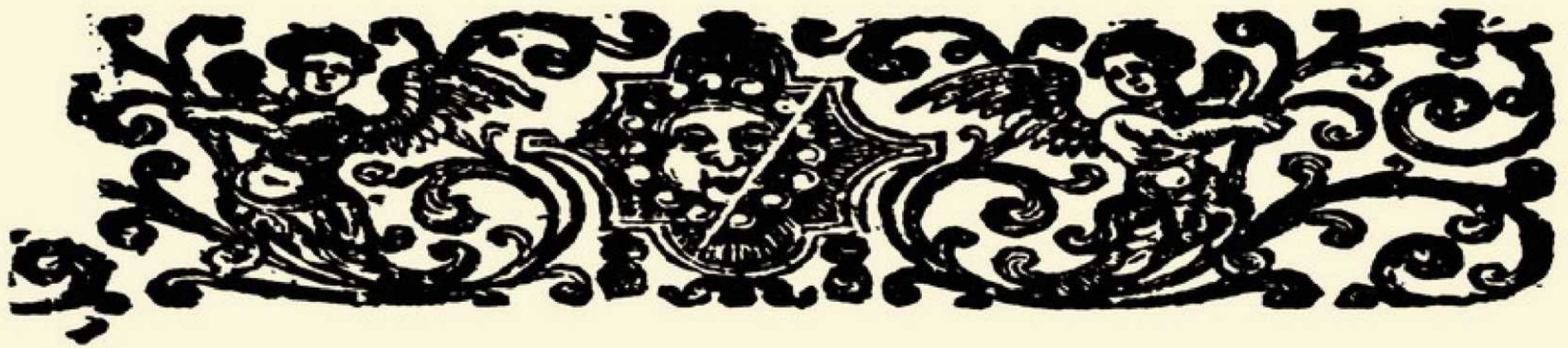


THE
S P E C T A T O R.

V O L. V.





T H E
S P E C T A T O R.

322 Monday, March 10, 1712.

—*Ad lumum mœrore gravi deducit & angit.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 110.

—Grief dejects, and wrings the tortured soul.

ROSCOMMON.

IT is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, It is a very good one if it be true; but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes much from the heart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit; with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to shew as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who



‘ could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, re-
‘ ceived his addresses in such terms, as gave him no rea-
‘ son to believe I was displeased with them, tho’ I did
‘ nothing to make him think me more easy than was de-
‘ cent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and
‘ proud ; so that there was no reason to believe he would
‘ easily be brought to think there was any thing in any
‘ woman’s person or character that could balance the
‘ disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the mean time
‘ the son continued his application to me, and omitted
‘ no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested
‘ passion imaginable to me ; and in plain direct terms
‘ offer’d to marry me privately, and keep it so till he
‘ should be so happy as to gain his father’s approbation,
‘ or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved
‘ him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one
‘ what was my interest also to grant. However I was
‘ not so young, as not to take the precaution of carrying
‘ with me a faithful servant, who had been also my
‘ mother’s maid, to be present at the ceremony, when
‘ that was over I demanded a certificate, signed by the
‘ minister, my husband, and the servant I just now
‘ spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together
‘ very familiarly in the same house ; but the restraints
‘ we were generally under, and the interviews we had
‘ being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to
‘ each other have rather the impatient fondness which
‘ is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified af-
‘ fection which is to be observed in man and wife.
‘ This observation made the father very anxious for
‘ his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye
‘ for him. To relieve my husband from this impor-
‘ tunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which
‘ I had reason to know would not be long in my
‘ power in town, it was resolved that I should retire
‘ into a remote place in the country, and converse under
‘ feigned names by letter. We long continued this
‘ way of commerce ; and I with my needle, a few
‘ books, and reading over and over my husband’s let-
‘ ters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of bet-
‘ ter days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four
‘ months after I left my husband I was delivered of a
‘ daughter



daughter, who died within few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustick is one of those rich clowns who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things without any sense of time and place. The poor ignorant people where I lay conceal'd and now pass'd for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatch'd the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious, till at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow: However, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, 'That he could not then send me what I asked for; but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to

A 5

town,



town, where I and both the witnesses of my marriage
 dead, and that my husband, after three months coha-
 bitation, has buried a young lady whom he married in
 obedience to his father. In a word, he thuns and
 disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront
 him, the father would join in supporting him against
 me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to
 the world, what reparation can I expect for an in-
 jury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring
 me through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him
 for some provision for my life: but I will die first.
 Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was
 charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I
 often made of myself; let him remember how awkward
 I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before
 company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my
 love for him, at his own request can part with him
 for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible spirits
 know no indifference in marriage; what then do you
 think is my piercing affliction!—I leave you to re-
 present my distress your own way, in which I desire
 you to be speedy, if you have compassion for inno-
 cence exposed to infamy.

Octavia.

T



N 323 Tuesday, March 10.

—*Modo vir, modo fœmina*—

Virg.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

THE journal, with which I presented my reader on
Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters,
 with accounts of many private lives cast into that
 form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Scr's Journal*, the
Whoremaster's Journal, and among several others a very
 curious piece, intitled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By
 these instances I find that the intention of my last
Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my rea-
 ders. I did not design so much to expose vice as idle-
 ness,



ness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities: Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require: She seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with galantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it: but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had severar matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that subject.

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From eight till ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From



From eleven to one. At my toilette, try'd a new head. Gave orders for *Very* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the *Change*. Cheapned a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old lady *Blithe* and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At *Beffet*. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From eleven at night to eight in the morning.* Dream'd that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Au-
rengzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow lady *Faddie's* *Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. *Froth*. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. *Fontange*, the tire-woman, her account of my lady *Blithe's* wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my lady *Hectick* rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. *Froth's* opinion of *Milton*. His account of the *Mobocks*. His fancy of a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old lady *Faddie* promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the morning.* A-bed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten o'clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised lady *Betty Modeloy's* skuttle.



One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitely* at home. Conversation : Mrs. *Brilliant's* necklace false stones. Old lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the country. *Tom Townley* has red hair. *Mem* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my feet, and called me *Indamora*.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second act. Mr. *Froth* talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. *Froth* and his friend clap'd *Nicolini* in the third act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora*. Mr. *Froth* led me to my chair. I think he squeez'd my hand.

Eleven a night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth*.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight o'clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without



without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjuror was within a letter of Mr. *Froth's* name, &c.

‘ Upon looking back into this my journal, I find
 ‘ that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time
 ‘ well or ill ; and indeed never thought of considering
 ‘ how I did it before I perused your speculation upon
 ‘ that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five
 ‘ days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the
 ‘ working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to
 ‘ finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. *Froth*
 ‘ and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much of my
 ‘ time and thoughts as I find they do upon my jour-
 ‘ nal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist
 ‘ upon it ; and if Mr. *Froth* does not bring matters to a
 ‘ conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run
 ‘ away in a dream,

Your humble servant,

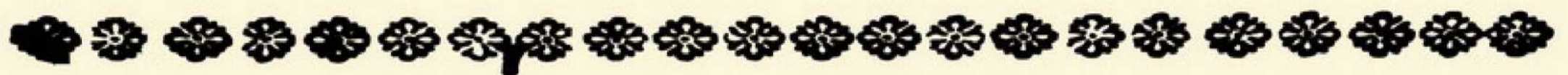
Clarinda.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir *Philip Sidney's* sister, a lady, who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

*Underneath this marble hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
 Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
 Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee,*

L

Wednesday,

N^o 324 Wednesday, March 12.*O curvæ in terris animæ, & cælestium inanes!*

Pers. Sat. 2. v. 61.

O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Flat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!

DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world to furnish you with such assistances as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity under the title of *The Mobock-Club*, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of *Canibals* in *India*, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is stiled *Emperor of the Mobocks*; and his arms are a *Turkish* crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knock'd down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is

reckon'd



‘ reckon’d a *Coup d’eclat*. The particular talents by
 ‘ which these *Misanthropes* are distinguished from one
 ‘ another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which
 ‘ they execute upon their prisoners. Some are cele-
 ‘ brated for a happy dexterity in tipping the Lion up-
 ‘ on them ; which is performed by squeezing the nose
 ‘ flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their
 ‘ fingers : Others are called the dancing-masters, and
 ‘ teach their scholars to cut capers by running swords
 ‘ thro’ their legs ; a new invention, whether originally
 ‘ *French* I cannot tell : A third sort are the tumblers,
 ‘ whose office it is to set women on their heads and
 ‘ commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on
 ‘ the limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to
 ‘ mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to
 ‘ the reader as well as the SPECTATOR. In this
 ‘ manner they carry on a war against mankind ; and by
 ‘ the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into
 ‘ no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive
 ‘ with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have
 ‘ declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

‘ I must own, sir, these are only broken incoherent
 ‘ memoirs of this wonderful society, but they are the best
 ‘ I have been yet able to procure ; for being but of late
 ‘ establishment, it is not ripe for a just history. And to
 ‘ be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder
 ‘ it from ever being so. You have been pleas’d, out of a
 ‘ concern for the good of your countrymen, to act under
 ‘ the character of SPECTATOR, not only the part of a
 ‘ looker-on, but an overseer of their actions ; and when-
 ‘ ever such enormities as this infect the town, we imme-
 ‘ diately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe,
 ‘ that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion
 ‘ of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distin-
 ‘ guish’d for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurry’d into
 ‘ this senseless scandalous project : Such will probably
 ‘ stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you in-
 ‘ form them that it is not courage for half a score fel-
 ‘ lows mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three
 ‘ soberer than themselves ; and that the manners of *In-*
 ‘ *dian* savages are no becoming accomplishments to an
 ‘ *English* fine gentleman. Such of them as have been
 ‘ bullies



‘ bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown
‘ veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardned
‘ to receive any impressions from your admonitions.
‘ But I beg you would recommend to their perusal
‘ your ninth speculation : They may there be taught to
‘ take warning from the club of Duelists ; and be put in
‘ mind, that the common fate of those men of honour
‘ was to be hanged.

I am,

March the 10th,
17 $\frac{1}{2}$

S I R,
Your most humble servant,
Philanthropos.

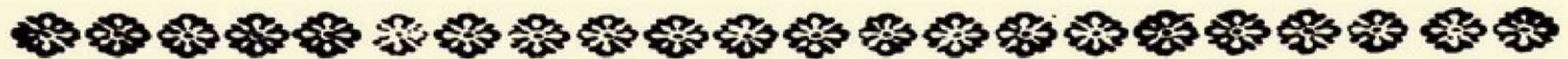
The following letter is of a quite contrary nature ; but I add it here, that the reader may observe- at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is shewn in its simplicities, and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

‘ **L** OVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs.
‘ *Margaret Clark*, I pray you let affection excuse
‘ presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the
‘ sight of your sweet countenance and comely body,
‘ sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or li-
‘ quorish powder at the apothecaries shop, I am so ena-
‘ moured with you, that I can no more keep close my
‘ flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the
‘ more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I
‘ am now my own man, and may match where I please ;
‘ for my father is taken away, and now I am come to
‘ my living which is ten yard land, and a house ; and
‘ there is never a yard land in our field but it is as well
‘ worth ten pounds a year, as a thief is worth a halter,
‘ and all my brothers and sisters are provided for : besides
‘ I have good houthold-stuff, though I say it, both brasis
‘ and pewter, linens and wollens ; and though my
‘ house be thatch’d, yet, if you and I match, it shall go
‘ hard



‘ hard but I will have one half of it flated. If you think
 ‘ well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as
 ‘ my new clothes is made and hay-harvest is in. I
 ‘ could, though I say it, have good——’ The rest is
 torn off; and posterity must be contented to know, that
 Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the
 dark as to the name of her lover. T

N^o 325

Thursday, March 13.

—— *Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?*

Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.

Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,

Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,

Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis.

Ovid. Metam. l. 3. v. 432.

[From the fable of NARCISSE.]

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?

What kindled in thee this unpitied love?

Thy own warm blush within the water glows;

With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;

Its empty being on thyself relies;

Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

ADDISON.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of rally, recommending a wife to him; when to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could shew her picture



picture in the lid of his snuff box. The young lady, who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her that if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass, in which after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his choice.

WILL fancying that his story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking glasses; and applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for that he had often observed in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers: Nay, says he, I remember Mr. *Dryden* in his *Ovid* tells us of a swinging fellow called *Polypheme*, that made use of the sea for his looking glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend WILL, to shew us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the *South-Sea*, in which it is said, that the ladies of *Chili* always dressed their heads over a basin of water.

I am the more particular in my account of WILL's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

SIR,

I Have read your last *Saturday's* observations on the fourth book of *Milton* with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts,



‘ thoughts, whether there may not also be some mo-
 ‘ ral couched under that place in the same book where
 ‘ the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately
 ‘ after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became
 ‘ so enamoured of her own face, that she had never
 ‘ removed to view any of the other works of nature,
 ‘ had she not been led off to a man. If you think
 ‘ fit to set down the whole passage from *Milton*, your
 ‘ readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the
 ‘ quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up
 of your paper.

Your humble servant,

R. T.

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to, is part of *Eve's* Speech to *Adam*, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

*That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
 Under a shade, on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence hither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n : I thither went
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me ; I started back,
 It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd.
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'd looks
 Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What is there thou art, fair creature, is thy self ;
 With thee I came, and goes : but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, be*

Whose



*Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Tilt I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a plantain; yet metbought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;
 Thou following cry'd'st aloud, Return, fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side,
 Henceforth an individual solace dear:
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half! ——— with that thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
 So spoke our general mother ———*

X

N^o. 326 Friday, March 14.

*Inclusam Danaen turris abenea,
 Robustæque fores, & vigilum canum
 Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
 Nocturnis ab adulteris;
 Si non ———*

Hor. Od. 16. l. 3. v. 1.

A tow'r of brass, one would have said,
 And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
 Might have preserv'd one innocent maiden-head;
 But *Venus* laugh'd, &c.

COWLEY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
 YOUR correspondent's letter relating to Fortune-Hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it, have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see, that

the



the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

I am a country-gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war, and am forc'd to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commands a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well secur'd my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers who are left-handed, and handle a quater-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house besides a band of pensioner matrons and an old maid relation whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by *reconnoitring* (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking mistresses on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in *Spain*; and have therefore taken care to remove my daughter from the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But to cut short my story; what can a man do after all? I dur not stand for member of parliament last election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being off my post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to promote a project I have set on foot; and upon which I have writ to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman of a public spirit, would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant.



Mr. SPECTATOR,

Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

HERE is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks up at my window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know that if he knocks at the door, he will be carry'd to the parlour fire, and I will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind.

I am, S I R,

*Your humble servant,
Mary Comfit.*

' If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.'

Dear Sir,

I BEG you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desir'd by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expences she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomly defray'd the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipages and furniture, and the like extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them; when she was with child of *Tom*, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot, and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive



' tive she could not breathe a week longer, unless I
 ' took the air in the fellow to it of Her own within the
 ' time: 'This, rather than lose an heir, I readily comply'
 ' with. Then the furniture of her best room must be
 ' instantly changed, or she should mark the child with
 ' some of the frightful figures in the old-fashion'd tapest-
 ' ry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing
 ' saved that bout. When she went with *Molly*, she had
 ' fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much
 ' china as would have furnished an *India* shop: These
 ' also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an
 ' *Indian Pagod*. Hitherto I found her demands rose upon
 ' every concession; and had she gone on, I had been
 ' ruined: But by good fortune, with her third, which was
 ' *Peggy*, the height of her imagination came down to the
 ' corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even
 ' upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the
 ' spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily pre-
 ' ferred to those of her vanity; and sometimes a partridge
 ' or a quail, a wheat-ear, or the pestle of a lark, were
 ' cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented, tho' I
 ' were to feed her with green pease in *April*, or cherries
 ' in *May*. But with the babe she now goes, she is turned
 ' girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending
 ' 'twill make the child's skin white; and nothing wil-
 ' lerve her but I must bear her company, to prevent its
 ' having a shade of my brown: In this, however I have
 ' ventur'd to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as
 ' we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows
 ' so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-flesh, that
 ' she had an invincible desire to partake with them, and
 ' (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut
 ' her off a slice as if it were for himself, which the fellow
 ' did; and as soon as she came home she fell to it with such
 ' an appetite that she seemed rather to devour than eat
 ' it. What her next folly will be, I cannot guess: but in
 ' the mean time my request to you is, that if there be any
 ' way to come at these wild unaccountable roving of
 ' imagination by reason and argument you'd speedily
 ' afford us your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of
 ' pin-money, and I think in every settlement there
 ' ought to be a clause inserted, that the father should be
 ' answer-



DEDICATION.

schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution : It is your lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those, who could misrepresent your generous designs for the publick good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you

A 2

pursue



DEDICATION.

pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obliged,

and most obedient,

Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.



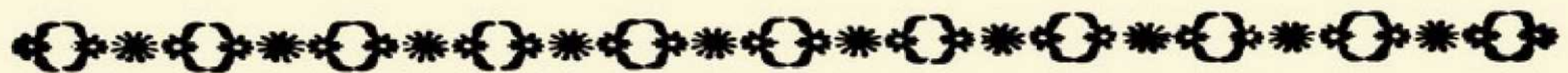
N^o 327 THE SPECTATOR. 25

‘ answerable for the longings of his daughter. But I
‘ shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter;
‘ and am, & I R,

*Your most obliged, and
most faithful humble servant,*

T. B.

‘ Let me know whether you think the next child will
‘ love Horses as much as *Molly* does China-Ware. T



N^o 327 Saturday, March 15.

— *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.* Virg. *Æn.* 7. v. 45.
A larger scene of action is display'd. D R Y D E N.

WE were told in the foregoing book how the evil spirit practised upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture, in which he regards her, is describ'd with a wonderful tenderness, as the whisper, with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was convey'd to a lover's ear.

*His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd and bebed
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,*



*My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.*

*Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
 On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake:
 O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd—————*

I cannot but take notice, that *Milton*, in the conference between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his eye very frequently upon the book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the age of *Solomon*. I think there is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remember'd those two passages, which are spoken on the like occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing images of nature.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for so the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us get up early to the vineyard, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.

His preferring the garden of *Eden* to that

————— *Where the Sapiient king
 Held alliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,*

Shews that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.
Eve's



Eve's dream is full of those *high conceits engendring pride*, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where the fancies herself awaken'd by *Adam* in the following beautiful lines.

*Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things: In vain,
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!*

An injudicious poet would have made *Adam* talk thro' the whole work in such sentiments as these: But flattery and falshood are not the courtship of *Milton's Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in the state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produc'd on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Tho' the catastrophe of the poem is finely prefaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that tho' the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion.

*So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.*

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude



and praise, the psalmist calls not only upon the angels but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm, which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature, is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topicks of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry, which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this poem, I proceed to the description which the poet gives of *Raphael*. His departure from before the throne, and his flight thro' the choirs of angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner, that it open'd of itself upon the approach of the angel who was to pass through it.

———'Till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine, the sovereign architect had framed.

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where, speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on golden wheels; which upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the Gods, and when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this point, as *M. Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of *Homer*, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship
of



of *Milton's* gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but *Milton* had this circumstance in his thoughts, because in the following book he describes the chariot of the *Messiah* with *living* wheels, according to the plan in *Ezekiel's* vision.

————— *Fortb rush'd with whirlwind sound*
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit:—————

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing, that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's* wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, and *English* poets have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels: But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy,

————— *Like Maia's son he stood,*
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.—————

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets, his distant appearance to *Adam*; have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives a particular description of *Lucy* in her domestic employments.



*So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order so contriv'd, as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change;
 Bestirs her then, &c.*

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn hail which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of *Eve* ministring at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit, with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy, who was contriving his destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at table with *Adam*, and eating of the fruits of *Paradise*. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed *Monsieur Boissu's* method in my first paper on *Milton*, I should have dated the action of *Paradise Lost* from the beginning of *Raphael's* speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the *Aeneid* to begin in the second book of that poem. I could alledge many reasons for my drawing the action of the *Aeneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and shew why I have, considered the sacking of *Troy* as an *Episodic*, according



to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of *Milton's* action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which *Milton* assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great force of imagination and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the poet's imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following lines.

*At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan took his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) —*

Homer mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the Gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of *Abdiel*, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those, who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.



*So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd;
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd. L.*

N^o 328

Monday, March 17.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.

Hor. Epod. 17. v. 24.

No ease doth lay me down from pain. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS I believe this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no inordinate desires, and am married to a virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good-nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me a happy man. But, notwithstanding these promising appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruin'd and undone, by a sort of extravagance which of late years is in a less degree crept into every fashionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious miserable man on earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employ'd her early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good-



• good-breeding and polite education. She sings, dances,
 • plays on the lute and harpsicord, paints prettily, is a
 • perfect mistress of the *French* tongue, and has made a
 • considerable progress in *Italian*. She is besides excel-
 • lently skill'd in all domestic sciences, as preserving,
 • pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own
 • growth, embroidering and needleworks of every kind.
 • Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little
 • cause of complaint; but suspend your opinion till I
 • have farther explain'd myself, and then I make no
 • question you will come over to mine. You are not
 • to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes
 • delight in the exercise of those qualifications I just
 • now mentioned; 'tis the immoderate fondness she has
 • to them that I lament, and that what is only design'd
 • for the innocent amusement and recreation of life,
 • is become the whole business and study of hers. The
 • six months we are in town (for the year is equally
 • divided between that and the country) from almost
 • break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out
 • in practising with her several masters; and to make up
 • the losses occasion'd by her absence in summer, every
 • day in the week their attendance is required; and as
 • they are all people eminent in their professions, their
 • skill and time must be recompens'd accordingly: So
 • how far these articles extend, I leave you to judge.
 • Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion;
 • but as she manages the matter, 'tis a very considerable
 • addition to her disbursements; which you will easily
 • believe, when you knew she paints fans for all her
 • female acquaintance, and draws all her relations
 • pictures in miniature; the first must be mounted by
 • no body but *Colmar*, and the other set by no body but
 • *Charles Mather*. What follows, is still much worse than
 • the former; for, as I told you she is a great artist at
 • her needle, 'tis incredible what sums she expends in
 • embroidery; for besides what is appropriated to her
 • personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, hand-
 • kerchiefs, purses, pin-cushions, and working aprons,
 • she keeps four *French* protestants continually employ'd
 • in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as
 • quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds, window-
 • curtains,



• curtains, easy-chairs, and tabourets: Nor have I any
 • hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance,
 • while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable
 • piece of good housewifery, because they are made at
 • home, and she has had some share in the performance.
 • There would be no end of relating to you the parti-
 • culars of the annual charge, in furnishing her store-
 • room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for
 • she is not contented with having every thing, unless it
 • be done every way, in which she consults an heredi-
 • tary book of receipts; for her female ancestors have
 • been always famed for good housewifery, one of whom
 • is made immortal, by giving her name to an eye-
 • water and two sorts of puddings. I cannot under-
 • take to recite all her medicinal preparations, as salves,
 • seecloths, powders, confections, cordials, ratafia, per-
 • fico, orange flower, and cherry-brandy, together with
 • innumerable sorts of simple waters. But there is no-
 • thing I lay so much to heart, as that detestable cata-
 • logue of counterfeit wines, which derive their names
 • from the fruits, herbs, or trees of whose juices they
 • are chiefly compounded: They are loathsome to the
 • taste, and pernicious to the health; and as they sel-
 • dom survive the year, and then are thrown away, un-
 • der a false pretence of frugality, I may affirm they
 • stand me in more than if I entertained all our visitors
 • with the best burgundy and champaign. Coffee, cho-
 • colate, green imperial, peco, and bohea-tea seem to
 • be trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the
 • tea-table are added, they swell the account higher
 • than one would imagine. I cannot conclude without
 • doing her justice in one article; where her frugality is
 • so remarkable, I must not deny her the merit of it, and
 • that is in relation to her children, who are all con-
 • fined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the
 • remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors
 • and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition
 • of an old woman, who had been dry nurse to her
 • grandmother. This is their residence all the year
 • round: and as they are never allowed to appear she
 • prudently thinks it needless to be at any expence in
 • apparel or learning. Her eldest daughter to this day,
 • would



' would have neither read nor writ, if it had not been
 ' for the butler, who, being the son of a country attor-
 ' ney, has taught her such a hand, as is generally used
 ' for ingrossing bills in *Chancery*. By this time I have
 ' sufficiently tired your patience with my domestic grie-
 ' vances; which I hope you will agree could not well be
 ' contained in a narrower compass, when you consider
 ' what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the begin-
 ' ning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be
 ' but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish
 ' the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be
 ' of use and benefit to the public. By the example I
 ' have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may
 ' learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily
 ' misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First,
 ' In mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and
 ' fixing her affections upon such things as are only the
 ' trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, In
 ' not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of
 ' life. And, lastly, the abuse and corruption of some
 ' excellent qualities, which, if circumscrib'd within just
 ' bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of
 ' her family. but, by a vicious extreme, are like to be
 ' the bane and destruction of it.



Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit, & Ancus.

Hor. Epist. 6. l. 1. v. 27.

With *Ancus*, and with *Numa*, kings of *Rome*,
 We must descend into the silent tomb.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY told me
 the other night, that he had been reading my paper
 upon *Westminster Abbey*. in which, says he, there
 are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the
 same time, that he observed I had promised another paper
 upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see
 them with me, not having visited them since he had read
 history.



history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEMORT since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the *Abbey*.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow *Trueby's* water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable, upon which the Knight observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of goodwill. Sir ROGER told me farther, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at *Dantzick*: When of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's* water, telling me that the widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the doctors or apothecaries in the country: That she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman



man if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without farther ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon presenting himself at the window, asked if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the *Abbey*.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, A brave man I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his hand that way, and cry'd Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*! a very gallant man! As we stood before *Busby's* tomb, the knight utter'd himself again after the same manner, Dr. *Busby's*, a great man! he whipp'd my grand father; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir ROGER, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord, who had cut off the king of *Morrecco's* head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman *Cecil* upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to queen *Elizabeth*, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*.

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's pillar*, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an
old



old *Getbie* king, asked our inter, reter, what authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir R O G E R a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide notwithstanding upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour and whispered in my ear, that if W I L L W I M B L E were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir R O G E R, in the next place laid his hand upon *Edward* the third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the *Black Prince*; concluding, that, in Sir *Richard Baker*'s opinion *Edward* the third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the *English* throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the confessor's tomb; upon which Sir R O G E R acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards *Henry* the fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our *English* kings without an head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since: Some whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir R O G E R; you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.

The glorious names of *Henry* the fifth and queen *Elizabeth* gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his c untry and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with,



with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over the matters with him more at leisure.

L

N^o 330 Wednesday, March 19.*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*—————

Juv. Sat. 14. v. 47.

To youth the tenderest regard is due.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

S I R,

I Have long expected, that in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty, when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your Paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

I am the son of a merchant of the city of *London*, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of atten-

tion



• tion to a fortune which he now thought desperate ; in-
 • somuch that he died without a will, having before bu-
 • ried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I
 • was sixteen years of age when I lost my father ; and an
 • estate of 200*l*. a year came into my possession, with-
 • out friend or guardian to instruct me in the manage-
 • ment or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of
 • this was, (though I wanted no director, and soon had
 • fellows who found me out for a smart young gentle-
 • man, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I
 • was capable) that my companions and I could not well
 • be supplied without running in debt, which I did very
 • frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed, with a guard
 • strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bai-
 • liff's house, where I lay four days surrounded with
 • very merry but not very agreeable company. As soon
 • as I had extricated myself from that shameful confine-
 • ment, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I
 • deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers
 • in an inn of court, with a resolution to study the law
 • with all possible application. But I trifled away a whole
 • year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a
 • friend to apply to in any case of doubt ; so that I only
 • lived there among men, as little children are sent to
 • school before they are capable of improvement, only to
 • be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suf-
 • pence, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was
 • sought for by a relation of mine, who, upon observing
 • a good inclination in me, used me with great familiari-
 • ty, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I
 • came there, he introduced me to all the good company
 • in the county ; and the great obligation I have to him
 • for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since,
 • has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has
 • an authority of a father over me, founded upon the
 • love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a
 • good stable of horses always at my command ; and tho'
 • I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar con-
 • verse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert my-
 • self on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me
 • acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, by
 • this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own
 • fault



• fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I
 • speak this as well by subscribing the initial letters of my
 • name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation
 • of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to shew
 • what great charities are to be done without expence,
 • and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadverten-
 • cy in persons capable of performing them, if they were
 • put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a coun-
 • try would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good
 • sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to
 • influence the education, and growing prospects of the
 • younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would
 • save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasi-
 • on, and render him the leader of his country from their
 • gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots
 • and tumults in order to be made their representative.
 • The same thing might be recommended to all who have
 • made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived
 • at any degree in a profession; others may gain prefer-
 • ments and fortunes from their patrons, but I have, I
 • hope, receiv'd from mine good habits and virtues. I
 • repeat to you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for
 • all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and
 • all the good he shall receive in this life; both which
 • are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble servant,

S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

• I Am a lad of about fourteen, I find a mighty plea-
 • sure in learning. I have been at the *Latin* school
 • four years. I don't know I ever play'd truant, or neg-
 • lected any task my master set me in my life. I think
 • on what I read in school as I go home at noon and
 • night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a
 • mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our
 • maid tells me, she often hears me talk *Latin* in my sleep.
 • And I dream two or three nights in a week I am
 • reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My master seems as well
 • pleased with my performance as any boy's in the same
 • class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose
 • rather



• rather to be a scholar than a prince without learning
 • I have a very good affectionate father; but tho' very
 • rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the
 • charges of my education. He often tells me he be-
 • lieves my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God
 • knows what in books. I tremble to tell him I want
 • one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money and lay it
 • out for a book, now and then, that he don't know of.
 • He has order'd my master to buy no more books for
 • me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him
 • for *Horace* t'other day, and he told me in a passion he
 • did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had
 • a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my
 • learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys
 • in getting the books my master gives orders for. All
 • the boys in the school, but I, have the classick authors
 • *in usum Delphini*, gilt and letter'd on the back. My fa-
 • ther is often reckoning up how long I have been at
 • school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My fa-
 • ther's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me
 • grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what
 • is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he
 • is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would
 • be apt to chide my father, and not knowing my fa-
 • ther's temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have
 • any love for learning, I beg you would give me some
 • instructions in this case, and persuade parents to en-
 • courage their children when they find them diligent
 • and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents
 • say. they would do any thing for their children, if
 • they would but mind their learning: I would be glad
 • to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my boldness.
 • If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray
 • for your prosperity as long as I live.

London,
 March 2, 1711.

T

Your humble servant,
 James Discipulus.

N^o 331 Thursday, March 20.

Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.

Perf. Sat. 2. l. 28.

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir R O G E R in *Westminster-Abbey*, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them. For my part, says he, when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock fac'd young fellow. I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings. The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir R O G E R, was for many ages look'd upon as the type of wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualify'd for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian,



Ælian, in his account of *Zoilus*, the pretended critic, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this *Zoilus* had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which if they had been suffer'd to grow might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refus'd to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allow'd to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of late years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offer'd to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don *Quevedo*, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carry'd the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourish'd in the *Saxon* heptarchy, but was very much discourag'd under the *Norman* line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in queen *Mary's* days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of cardinal *Pole* and bishop *Gardiner*; tho' at the same time, I think it may be question'd, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.



I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of king *James* the first.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted *Hudibras*, an account of which *Butler* has transmitted to posterity in the following lines.

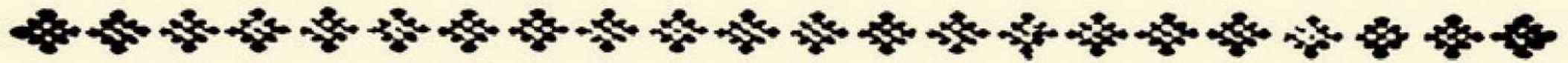
*His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom, and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tyle,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thercof was whey,
The nether orange mixt with gray.*

The whisker continu'd for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the *Mustachoe*.

If my friend Sir R O G E R's prospect of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones, of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry-size, Sir R O G E R seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden Beard of *Æsculapius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their *Riding-Beards* on the same occasion.

I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper.

N^o 332

Friday, March 21.

*Minus aptus acutis**Naribus horum hominum*— Hor. Sat. 3 l. i. v. 29.

He cannot bear the rallery of the age. CREECH.

Dear short Face,

‘ I N your speculation of *Wednesday* last you have given
 ‘ us some account of that worthy society of brutes the
 ‘ *Mobocks*: wherein you have particularly specify’d
 ‘ the ingenious performance of the Lion-tippers, the Dan-
 ‘ cing-Masters and the Tumblers: But as you acknow-
 ‘ ledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole
 ‘ club, you might very easily omit one of the most nota-
 ‘ ble species of it, the Sweaters, which may be reckon’d a
 ‘ sort of Dancing-Masters too. It is, it seems, the cus-
 ‘ tom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-dispos’d
 ‘ savages, as soon as they have inclos’d the person upon
 ‘ whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out
 ‘ their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon,
 ‘ they describe a sort of magic circle round about him
 ‘ with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is
 ‘ perform’d, and the patient without doubt already be-
 ‘ ginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that
 ‘ member of the circle, towards whom he is so rude as
 ‘ to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that
 ‘ part of the patient wherein school boys are punished;
 ‘ and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make
 ‘ him tack about to some other point, every gentleman
 ‘ does himself the same justice as often as he receives the
 ‘ affront. After this jig has gone two or three times
 ‘ round, and the patient is thought to have sweat suffici-
 ‘ ently, he is very handsomely rubb’d down by some at-
 ‘ tendants, who carry with them instrument for that pur-
 ‘ pose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a
 ‘ friend of mine, who has lately been under this disci-
 ‘ pline.



pline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the emperor himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of his imperial majesty, and the whole ring; tho' I dare say, neither I nor any of his acquaintance ever dreamt he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

I can assure you, Mr. S P E C, I was very near being qualify'd to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself: For going the other night along *Fleetstreet*, and having, out of curiosity, just enter'd into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cry'd out to each other, A sweat! a sweat! Whereupon suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintain'd for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, tho' not letting this success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat. having suffer'd no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one of my shoe heels, which last I am just now inform'd is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those, who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this
 ' sort



• fort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the ha-
 • zard of treating with night-walkers, you will perhaps
 • oblige others, as well as

Your very humble Servant,

Jack Lightfoot.

• *P. S.* My friend will have me acquaint you, That
 • though he would not willingly detract from the merit
 • of that extraordinary strokes-man Mr. *Sprightly*, yet it
 • is his real opinion, that some of those fellows, who are
 • employ'd as rubbers to this new fashioned bagnio, have
 • struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

• I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner, if I
 • had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt
 • about the orthography of the word *bagnio*. I con-
 • sulted several dictionaries, but found no relief; at last
 • having recourse both to the bagnio in *Newgate-street*,
 • and to that in *Chancery-lane*, and finding the original
 • manuscripts upon the sign posts of each to agree lite-
 • rally with my own spelling, I returned home, full of
 • satisfaction, in order to dispatch this epistle.

Mr. S P E C T A T O R,

• **A**S you have taken most of the circumstances of
 • human life into your consideration, we the un-
 • der-written thought it not improper for us also to re-
 • present to you our condition. We are three ladies who
 • live in the country, and the greatest improvements we
 • make is by reading. We have taken a small journal
 • of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last
 • *Tuesday's* speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the
 • beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into
 • those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a re-
 • tired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the
 • company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or
 • read; at night we retire to our chambers, and take
 • leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock.
 • We take particular care never to be sick of a *Sunday*.
 • *Mr. S P E C T A T O R*, we are all very good maids, but
 • are ambitious of characters which we think more lau-
 • dable, that of being very good wives. If any of your
 • correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest coun-
 • try



‘ try gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants
 ‘ a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make
 ‘ a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same
 ‘ estate, with finer bred women, you shall have further
 ‘ notice from,

S I R,

Your courteous readers,

Martha Bufe.
 Deborah Thrifty.
 Alice Early.

T

XX

N^o 333 Saturday, March 22.

————— *vocat in certamina divos.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6. v. 172.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

WE are now entring upon the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the poet describes the battle of angels; having raised his readers expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that where-ever he speaks of it, he rises if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem.

————— *Him the almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantyne chains and painful fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.*

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference.



*O prince ! O chief of many throned powers,
 That led th'embattel'd seraphim to war,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overbrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us heav'n ; and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low
 But see ! the angry victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of heav'n : the sulph'rous hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heav'n receiv'd us falling : and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.*

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second.

*What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us ; this bell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds —*

In short, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that passage, where the Power, who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the second book.

*Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech and visage incompos'd,
 Answer'd : I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading angel, who of late
 Made head against heav'n's King, tho' overthrown.
 I saw and heard ; for such a num'rous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded ; and heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing —*

It requir'd great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances



as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader ; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surpris'd to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is usher'd in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the last place the Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is describ'd with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination, which has not been raised and qualify'd for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well suppos'd to have proceeded from such authors, so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along describ'd as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the giants war, which we meet with among the ancient poets.



poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in *Hesiod's* works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment *Milton*, in this narration has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. *Homer* in that passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its sublimeness and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. He adds an epithet to *Pelion* (εἰνοσίφυλλον) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the readers imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a greater beauty in his singling out by names these three remarkable mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of *Milton's* war could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his fragment upon the giants war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all *Vulcan's* shop in the midst of it. Another tears up mount *Ida*, with the river *Enipeus*, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back, as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas favour more of burlesque, than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination and rather divert the mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image.



*From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They puck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up lifting bore them in their hands.*

We have the full majesty of *Homer* in this short description, improved by the imagination of *Claudian*, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my lord *Roscommon's* Essay on translated poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, tho' at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has, in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of *Michael*, which makes so great a havock among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armory of God.

————— *But the sword
Of Michael from the armory of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : It met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer*—————

This passage is a copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the poet tells us, that the sword of *Aeneas*, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe



that the bestowing on a man who is favour'd by heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find the *Jewish* hero in the book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet *Jeremiab*. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

*The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd thro' him; but th'ethereal substance close'd
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, (such as celestial spirits may bleed)
And all his armour stain'd——*

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flowed from the wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it.

*——Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy one of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon*

Down



*Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing —————*

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel angels, are drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

*Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might !
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav'n's basis ; bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword on thy puissant thigh.*

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he entered into this engagement of the angels. *Homer* there gives us a scene of men, heroes and Gods, mix'd together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. *Jupiter* at the same time thunders over their heads ; while *Neptune* raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle and all the tops of the mountains shake about them. The poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a rock at Mars ; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, *Milton* has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks



and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created?

*All b' av'n resounded, and had earth been then,
All earth had to its centre shook——*

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God?

*—— Under his burning wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God——*

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himself is able to describe.

*Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.*

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was necessary to give it certain resting places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time: he has therefore with great address interspersed several speeches, reflexions, similitudes, and the like reliefs to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader, that he might come fresh to his great action, and by such a contrast of ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his description. L

Monday,

N^o 334 Monday, March, 24.

——— *Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistiquē non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quàm quæ prava sunt fastidiis ad-
bærecere.* Cicero de Gestu.

You wou'd have each of us be a kind of *Roscus* in his way ; and you have said, that men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

IT is very natural to take for our wholelives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shews the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean, is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewail'd the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observ'd that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents ; that they are but seldom in demand ; and that these very great talents were often render'd useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture and aspect) is natural to some men ; but even those would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all consider'd it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject, will appear fantastical ; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have quite another view : and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man with those beautiful features and well fashion'd person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we
C 5 read,



read, we do it without any exerted Act of memory that presents the shape of the letters ; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like children, to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wish dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world ; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen *Booth* in the character of *Pyrrhus*, march to his throne to receive *Orestes*, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step ; but perhaps, tho' no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further ; but the author of the following letter has treated it in the essay he speaks of in such a manner, that I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

Mr. SPECTATOR, -

‘ SINCE there are scarce any of the arts and sciences
 ‘ that have not been recommended to the world by
 ‘ the pens of some of the professors, masters, or lovers
 ‘ of them, whereby the usefulness, excellence, and be-
 ‘ nefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and
 ‘ practical part, have been made public, to the great
 ‘ advantage and improvement of such arts and sciences ;
 ‘ why should dancing, an art celebrated by the an-
 ‘ cients



• cients in so extraordinary a manner, be totally neglect
 • ed by the moderns, and left destitute of any pen to
 • recommend its various excellencies and substantial
 • merit to mankind?

• The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen, is
 • altogether owing to this silence. The art is esteem'd
 • only as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivat-
 • ed, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of
 • illiterate and mechanick: And as *Terence*, in one of
 • his prologues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing
 • all the spectators from his play, so may we well say,
 • that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and
 • supplies the place of just and regular dancing on our
 • theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time
 • that some one should come to its assistance, and relieve
 • it from the many gross and growing errors that have
 • crept into it, and overcast its real beauties; and to set
 • dancing in its true light, would shew the usefulness and
 • elegance of it, with the pleasure and instruction pro-
 • duc'd from it: and also lay down some fundamental
 • rules, which might so tend to the improvement of its
 • professors, and information of the spectators, that the
 • first might be the better enabled to perform, and the
 • latter render'd more capable of judging, what is (if
 • there be any thing) valuable in this art.

• To encourage therefore some ingenious pen capable
 • of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to
 • relieve dancing from the disadvantages it at present
 • lies under, I, who teach to dance, have attempted a
 • small treatise as an essay towards an history of dan-
 • cing; in which I have inquired into its antiquity, ori-
 • ginal and use, and shewn what esteem the ancients
 • had for it: I have likewise considered the nature and
 • perfection of all its several parts, and how beneficial and
 • delightful it is, both as a qualification and an exercise;
 • and endeavour'd to answer all objections that have been
 • maliciously rais'd against it. I have proceeded to give
 • an account of the particular dances of the *Greeks* and
 • *Romans*, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken
 • particular notice of that part of dancing relating to the
 • ancient stage, and in which the *Pantomimes* had so
 • great a share: Nor have I been wanting in giving
 • an



an historical account of some particular masters excellent in that surprizing art. After which, I have advanced some observations on the modern dancing, both as to the stage, and that part of it, so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentlemen and ladies; and have concluded with some short remarks on the origin and progress of the character by which dances are writ down, and communicated to one master from another. If some great genius after this would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For if we consider the origin of arts and sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprizing structures should have been raised upon such ordinary foundations. But what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammers should have given the first rise to musick? Yet *Macrobius* in his second book relates that *Pythagoras*, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers, were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by springs of the same bigness, and found in like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discover'd, he finds out those numbers which produc'd sounds that were consonants: As, that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, gave that interval which is called *Diapason*, or an eighth; the same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce, what was only before noise, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematicks; and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows therefore but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it
into



‘ into a regular science, tho’ not so demonstrative as that
 ‘ proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to intitle it to a
 ‘ place among the magnify’d arts.

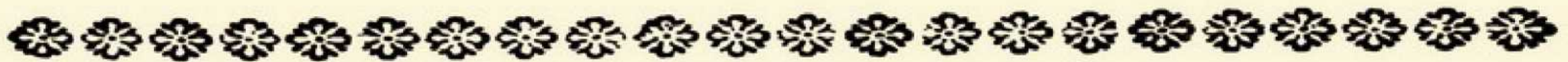
‘ Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, as you have declared
 ‘ yourself visitor of dancing-schools, and this being an
 ‘ undertaking which more immediately respects them, I
 ‘ think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed
 ‘ to the publication of this my essay, to ask your ad-
 ‘ vice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your
 ‘ approbation; and in order to recommend my treatise
 ‘ to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance,
 ‘ as well as to the young ladies, to whom, as visitor, you
 ‘ ought to be guardian.

Salop, March, 19,

I am, S I R,

T. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$

Your most humble servant,



N^o 335 Tuesday, March 25

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubet

Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 317.

Those are the likest copies, which are drawn

From the original of human life. ROSCOMMON.

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, when we
 last met together at the club, told me that he had
 a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, af-
 furing me at the same time, that he had not been at a play
 these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was
 the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had
 not I been told before-hand that it was a good church of
England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me
 who this distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that
 she was *Hector's* widow, he told me that her husband was
 a brave man, and that when he was a school boy he had
 read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend
 asked



asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mobocks* should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up *Fleetstreet*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continu'd the Knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turn'd and dodg'd, and have play'd them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir R O G E R added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out, says he, at the end of *Norfolkstreet*, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain S E N T R Y will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir R O G E R fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of *Steenkirk*. Sir R O G E R's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left-hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoy'd him in safety to the play-house, where after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind season'd with humanity naturally feels in itself, at
the



the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragick audience. Upon the entring of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me that he did not believe the king of *France* himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little while after as much for *Hermione*; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir R O G E R saw *Andromache*'s obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whisper'd me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatick rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector*'s ghost. He then renew'd his attention, and from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for *Astyanax*; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must
needs



needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a menace to *Pyrrhus*, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir ROGER added, On my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir ROGER hearing a cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend *Pylades* was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time: And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whisks as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, pluck'd him by the elbow, and whisper'd something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that *Orestes in his madness, looked as if he saw something.*

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the croud. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man. L

Wednesday,

N^o 336 Wednesday, March 26.

——— *Clamant periisse pudorem*
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere conor,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit :
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt ;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 80

I M I T A T E D.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
 Which *Betterton's* grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd *Booth* with emphasis proclaims
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
 And swear, all shame is lost in *George's* age !
 You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

P O P E.

Mr. S P E C T A T O R,

‘ **A**S you are the daily endeavourer to promote learn-
 ‘ ing and good sense, I think myself obliged to
 ‘ suggest to your consideration whatever may pro-
 ‘ mote or prejudice them. There is an evil which has
 ‘ prevailed from generation to generation, which gray
 ‘ hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support ; I
 ‘ hope your Spectatorial authority will give a seasonable
 ‘ check to the spread of the infection ; I mean old mens
 ‘ overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the
 ‘ mere force of seniority ; so that for a young man in the
 ‘ bloom of life and vigour of age to give a reasonable
 ‘ contradiction to his elders, is esteem'd an unpardonable
 ‘ insolence and regarded as a reversing the decrees of
 ‘ Nature. I am a young man, I confess, yet I honour
 ‘ the gray head as much as any one ; however, when in
 ‘ company



company with old men, I hear them speak obscurely,
 or reason preposterously (into which absurdities, pre-
 judice, pride, or interest, will sometimes throw the
 wisest) I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings,
 unless conscience must truckle to ceremony, and truth
 fall a sacrifice to complaisance. The strongest argu-
 ments are enervated, and the brightest evidence disap-
 pears, before those tremendous reasonings and dazzling
 discoveries of venerable old age: You are young gid-
 dy-headed fellows, you have not yet had experience of
 the world. Thus we young folks find our ambition
 cramp'd, and our laziness indulg'd, since, while young,
 we have little room to display ourselves; and, when
 old, the weakness of nature must pass for strength of
 sense, and we hope that hoary heads will raise us above
 the attacks of contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would
 enliven our activity in the pursuit of learning, take
 our case into consideration; and, with a gloss on brave
Elihu's sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and pre-
 vent the pernicious incroachments of age. The gene-
 rous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your
 paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting
 but that they will give good entertainment to the most
 intelligent of your readers.

*So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he
 was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the
 wrath of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the
 kindred of Ram: Against Job was his wrath kindled,
 because he justified himself rather than God. Also against
 his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had
 found no answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now
 Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were
 elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no answer in
 the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kind-
 led. And Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, an-
 swered and said, I am young and ye are very old, where-
 fore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine opinion.
 I said, Days should speak and multitude of years should
 teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man; and the
 inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.
 Great men are not always wise: Neither do the aged*

under-



understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken to me,
 I also will shew mine opinion. Behold I waited for your
 words; I gave ear to your reasonings, whilst you searched
 out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you: And behold
 there was none of you that convinced Job, or that an-
 swered his words; lest you should say, we have found out
 wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not man. Now be
 hath not directed his words against me: Neither will I
 answer him with your speeches. They were amazed, they
 answered no more: They left off speaking. When I had
 waited (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no
 more) I said, I will answer also my part, I also will
 shew mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit
 within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine
 which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles.
 I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips
 and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's
 person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man. For
 I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker
 would soon take me away.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

I Have formerly read with great satisfaction your
 papers about idols and the behaviour of gentle-
 men in those coffee-houses where women officiate, and
 impatiently waited to see you take *India* and *China*
 shops into consideration: But since you have pass'd us
 over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought
 us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie un-
 der have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my
 complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because
 you seem a little at leisure at this present writing. I
 am, dear Sir, one of the top China-women about
 town; and, though I say it, keep as good things,
 and receive as fine company as any o' this end of the
 town, let the other be who she will: In short, I am in
 a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of Female
 Rakes, who under pretence of taking their innocent
 rambles, forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom
 fail to me plague me twice or thrice a day to cheapen
 tea, or buy a skreen: *What else should they mean?* as
 they often repeat it. These Rakes are your idle ladies
 of



‘ of fashion, who having nothing to do, employ them-
 ‘ selves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-cus-
 ‘ tomers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any
 ‘ thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a bason,
 ‘ a third for my best green-tea, and even to the punch-
 ‘ bowl, there’s scarce a piece in my shop but must be dis-
 ‘ placed, and the whole agreeable architecture disorder-
 ‘ ed; so that I can compare ’em to nothing but the Night
 ‘ Goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the dispositi-
 ‘ on of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your house-
 ‘ wifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter,
 ‘ this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is
 ‘ charming, but not wanted: The ladies are cured of
 ‘ the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it.
 ‘ Lord what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the
 ‘ trouble they put me to? Vapours, *Mr. S P E C T A-*
 ‘ *T O R*, are terrible things; for though I am not pos-
 ‘ sels’d by them myself, I suffer more from ’em than if I
 ‘ were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such Day-
 ‘ Goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome
 ‘ when they come to one’s shop; and to convince them
 ‘ that we honest shopkeepers have something better to
 ‘ do, than to cure folks of the vapours *gratis*. A young
 ‘ son of mine, a school-boy, is my secretary, so I hope
 ‘ you’ll make allowances,

I am, S I R,

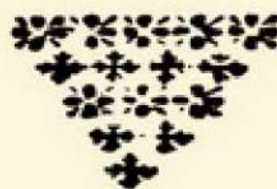
Your constant reader,

March the 22d.

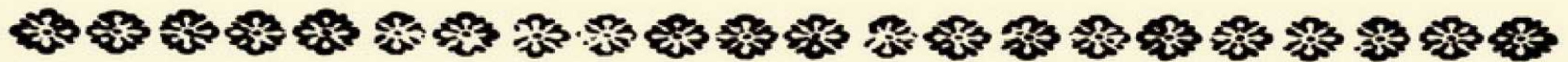
and very humb’le servant,

T

Rebecca the distress’d.



Thursday,



N^o 337 Thursday, March 27.

*Eingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques*——

Hor. Epist. 2. l. 1. v. 64.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse,
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.
C R E E C H.

I Have lately received a third letter from the gentleman, who has already given the publick two essays upon education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

S I R,

I F I had not been hindred by some extraordinary buſiſſes, I ſhould have ſent you ſooner my further thoughts upon education. You may pleaſe to remember that in my laſt letter I endeavoured to give the beſt reaſons that could be urged in favour of a private or publick education. Upon the whole it may perhaps be thought that I ſeemed rather inclined to the latter, tho' at the ſame time I confeſs'd that virtue, which ought to be our firſt and principal care, was more uſually acquired in the former

I intend therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods, by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue, as they advance in letters.

I know that in moſt of our publick ſchools vice is puniſhed and diſcouraged, whenever it is found out; but this is far from being ſufficient, unleſs our youth are at the ſame time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of ſuch men as have been famous in their generation, it ſhould not be thought enough to make them barely underſtand ſo many *Greek* or *Latin* ſentences,



• tences, but they should be asked their opinion of such
 • an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons
 • why they take it to be good or bad. By this means
 • they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of cou-
 • rage, temperance, honour and justice.

• There must be great care taken how the example of
 • any particular person is recommended to them in gross ;
 • instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such
 • a man, tho' great in some respects, was weak and
 • faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is
 • often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character,
 • that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and
 • looks even upon the faulty part of it with an eye of
 • admiration.

• I have often wondered how *Alexander*, who was
 • naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came
 • to be guilty of so barbarous an action as of drag-
 • ging the governor of a town after his chariot. I
 • know this is generally ascribed to his passion for *Homer* ;
 • but I lately met with a passage in *Plutarch* which, if
 • I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer
 • light into the motives of this action. *Plutarch* tells us,
 • that *Alexander* in his youth had a master named *Lyfi-*
 • *machus*, who, tho' he was a man destitute of all polite-
 • ness, ingratiated himself both with *Philip* and his pu-
 • pil, and became the second man at court, by calling the
 • King *Peleus*, the Prince *Achilles*, and himself *Phœnix*.
 • It is no wonder if *Alexander* having been thus used not
 • only to admire, but to personate *Achilles*, should think
 • it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and
 • extravagance.

• To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit it
 • to your consideration, whether instead of a theme or
 • copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they
 • are called in the school phrase, it would not be more
 • proper that a boy should be tasked once or twice a
 • week to write down his opinion of such persons and
 • things as occur to him in his reading ; that he should
 • descant upon the actions of *Turnus* or *Æneas*, shew
 • wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or ap-
 • prove any particular action, observe how it might have
 • been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how
 • it



‘ it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the
 ‘ same time mark what was moral in any speech, and
 ‘ how far it agreed with the character of the person
 ‘ speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his
 ‘ judgment in what is blameable or praise worthy, and
 ‘ give him an early seasoning of morality.

‘ Next to those examples which may be met with in
 ‘ books, I very much approve *Horace*’s way of setting
 ‘ before youth the infamous or honourable characters of
 ‘ their contemporaries : That poet tells us, this was the
 ‘ method his father made use of to incline him to any
 ‘ particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any par-
 ‘ ticular vice. If, says *Horace*, my father advised me to
 ‘ live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune
 ‘ he should leave me ; Do you not see (says he) the mi-
 ‘ serable condition of *Eurrus*, and the son of *Aibus* ?
 ‘ Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to
 ‘ avoid luxury and extravagance. If he would inspire
 ‘ me with an abhorrence to debauchery, Do not (says he)
 ‘ make yourself like *Seetanus*, when you may be happy
 ‘ in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures. How scandalous
 ‘ (says he) is the character of *Trebonius*, who was lately
 ‘ caught in bed with another man’s wife ? To illustrate
 ‘ the force of this method, the poet adds, That as a
 ‘ headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his
 ‘ physician’s prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears
 ‘ that his neighbours die all about him ; so youth is often
 ‘ frightened from vice, by hearing the ill report it brings
 ‘ upon others.

‘ *Xenophon*’s schools of equity, in his life of *Cyrus* the
 ‘ Great, are sufficiently famous. He tells us, that the
 ‘ *Persian* children went to school, and employ’d their time
 ‘ as diligently in learning the principles of justice and
 ‘ sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire
 ‘ the most difficult arts and sciences : their governors
 ‘ spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual ac-
 ‘ cusations one against the other, whether for violence,
 ‘ cheating, flander, or ingratitude ; and taught them how
 ‘ to give judgment against those who were found to be
 ‘ any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the story of
 ‘ the long and short coat, for which *Cyrus* himself was
 ‘ punished, as a case equally known with any in *Littleton*.

‘ The



‘ The method, which *Apuleius*, tells us the *Indian*
‘ *Gymnosophists* took to educate their disciples, is still
‘ more curious and remarkable. His words are as fol-
‘ low: When their dinner is ready, before it is served
‘ up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how
‘ he has employ’d his time since sun-rising; some of
‘ them answer, that having been chosen as arbiters be-
‘ tween two persons they have composed their differ-
‘ ences, and made them friends; some, that they have
‘ been executing the orders of their parents; and others,
‘ that they have either found out something new by
‘ their own application, or learnt it from the instructions
‘ of their fellows: But if there happens to be any one
‘ among them, who cannot make it appear that he has
‘ employ’d the morning to advantage, he is immediately
‘ excluded from the company, and obliged to work
‘ while the rest are at dinner.

‘ It is not impossible, that from these several ways of
‘ producing virtue in the minds of boys, some general
‘ method might be invented. What I would endeavour
‘ to inculcate, is that our youth cannot be too soon taught
‘ the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions
‘ which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

‘ The archbishop of *Cambray* makes *Telemachus* say,
‘ that, tho’ he was young in years, he was old in the
‘ art of knowing how to keep both his own and his
‘ friends secrets. When my father, says the prince,
‘ went to the siege of *Troy*, he took me on his knees,
‘ and after having embraced and blessed me, as he was
‘ surrounded by the nobles of *Ithaca*, O my friends,
‘ says he, into your hands I commit the education of
‘ my son; if you ever lov’d his father, shew it in your
‘ care towards him: but above all, do not omit to form
‘ him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret
‘ These words of my father, says *Telemachus*, were con-
‘ tinually repeated to me by his friends in his absence,
‘ who made no scruple of communicating to me their
‘ uneasiness to see my mother surrounded with lovers,
‘ and the measures they designed to take on that
‘ occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at be-
‘ ing thus treated like a man, and at the confidence
‘ reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor
‘ could



‘ could all the insinuations of his father’s rivals ever
 ‘ get him to betray what was committed to him under
 ‘ the seal of secrecy.

‘ There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not
 ‘ thus learn by practice and example.

‘ I have heard of a good man, who used at certain
 ‘ times to give his scholars six-pence apiece, that they
 ‘ might tell him the next day how they had employed it.
 ‘ The third part was always to be laid out in charity,
 ‘ and every boy was blamed or commended as he could
 ‘ make it appear he had chosen a fit object.

‘ In short, nothing is more wanting to our public
 ‘ schools, than that the masters of them should use the
 ‘ same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars,
 ‘ as in forming their tongues to the learned languages.
 ‘ Where ever the former is omitted, I cannot help agree-
 ‘ ing with Mr. *Locke*, that a man must have a very
 ‘ strange value for words, when preferring the languages
 ‘ of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to that which made them
 ‘ such brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard
 ‘ the innocence and virtue of his son for a little *Greek*
 ‘ and *Latin*.

‘ As the subject of this essay is of the highest im-
 ‘ portance, and what I do not remember to have yet
 ‘ seen treated by any author, I have sent you what oc-
 ‘ curr’d to me on it from my own observation or reading,
 ‘ and which you may either suppress or publish as you
 ‘ think fit. *I am, Sir, Yours, &c.* X

N^o 338

Friday, March 28.

————— *Nil fuit unquam*
Tam dispar sibi —————

Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 18.

Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

I Find the tragedy of *The Distress’d Mother* is publish’d
 to day : The author of the prologue, I suppose, pleads
 an old excuse I have read somewhere of *being dull*
with design ; and the gentleman, who writ the epilogue,
 VOL. V. D has,



has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments, in the following Letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Had the happiness the other night of sitting very near you and your worthy friend Sir ROGER, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have in a late paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflexions on the several incidents of the play, as pure nature suggested, and from the other such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment: tho' I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflexions, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, play'd her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well writ, but having paid down my half crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and can't endure to be at once trick'd out of all, tho' by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However I kept my seat t'other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favour'd by your friend's; when, to my great surprise, I found the Knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety, as he had been before with *Academick's* greatness. Whether this were no more than an effect of the Knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last that after all the tragical doings every thing was safe and



and well, I don't know. But for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved *Andromache*, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR, the mischief she was reserv'd to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually work'd up to the highest pitch; and felt the exalted passion, which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, Sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded if I had been let alone in it, I could at an extremity have ventured to defend yourself and Sir ROGER against half a score of the fiercest *Mobbs*: But the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I can't so well tell: For myself I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue, it was so jumbled together and divided between jest and earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motley spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face, that at the same time laughs on one side and cries o' t'other. The only defence, I think I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural track of the comic tail to the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them: For who knows the consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, pray good Sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability



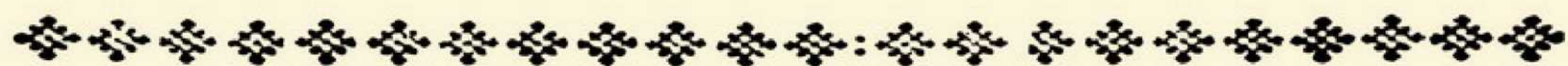
live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some reformation of this matter, is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it: For a great many of our church musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced in their farewell voluntaries a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church-services, to the great prejudice of well disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed that they ought to suit their airs to the place, and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief: For when the preacher has often, with great piety and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself and in the rest of the pew good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce: But this I am credibly inform'd of, that *Paul Lorrain* has resolv'd upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

Phyfibulus.



Saturday,

N^o 339

Saturday, March 29.

——— *Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum & discludere nequa ponto
Cœperit, & rerum paulatim sumere formas.*

Virg. Ecl. 6. v. 33.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas,
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose.

D R Y D E N.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those, who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. *Milton* has shewn himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and tho' the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.



The critic above-mentioned, among the rules, which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

Milton, tho' his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the poet received but very few assistances from Heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in Holy Writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the *Jews* has describ'd the creation in the first chapter of *Genesis*; and there are many other passages in scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this subject is touched upon. *Milton* has shewn his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of *Eastern* poetry, which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

*And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though sleep, suspense in heav'n*

Hud.



*Held by thy voice ; thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, &c.*

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, goes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets ! *And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.*

*About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day; harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage ! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord : Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound !
On golden hinges moving——*

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven ; and shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves ; tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first out line of the creation.



*On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
 Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!
 Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end:
 Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
 Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things:
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O world!*

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in *Homer's* spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of *Minerva's* *Aegis*, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear, which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet, that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the divine geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation form'd after the same manner in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the almighty architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales,

and



and the hills in a balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it : And in another place as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought *Milton* has express'd in the following verse :

And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick; that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employ'd on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day !

————— *Thus was the first day ev'n and morn :*
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth ! with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-beave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky :
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Copacious bed of waters—————

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day,



*First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through heav'n's high road ; the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet influence : Less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in level'd west was set
 His mirror, with full face horrowing her light
 From him, for other lights she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night ; then in the east her turn she shines,
 Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere — —*

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind *Adam* of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances ; when the heavens and earth were finished : when the Messiah, ascended up in triumph thro the everlasting gates ; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation ; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence : when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.



*So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day :
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode ;
 Thence to behold this new-created world,
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies ; the earth, the air
 Rejoined, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,
 The plants in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
 Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors ; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world !*

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our *English* verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shewn us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable instances, that divine wisdom, which the son of *Sirach* has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.*

L

Monday,



N^o 340 Monday, March 31.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?

Quàm sese ore ferens ! quàm forti pectore & armis !

Virg. *Æn.* 4. v. 10.

What chief is this that visits us from far,
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war !

I Take it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at : He ought to think no man valuable but for his publick spirit, justice and integrity ; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a preeminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it ; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share : It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it ; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and shape of him in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself.

Whether



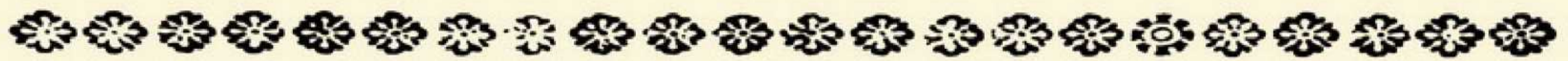
Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth ; and I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the Prince who lately visited *England*, and has done such wonders for the liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of, by the action mentioned, when they desire a description of him : There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in *Wales* beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the *Alps* ; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who shewed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do mens fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances ; but all pay a respect, mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in *Holland*, before I would let my correspondents know, that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince *Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have writ to me on that head ; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised *Cremona* ; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at *Turin* : But in general I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the wit or force of man. The Prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise, has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch : his aspect is erect and compos'd ; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling ; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in
an



an assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public while with us, rather to return goodwill, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence: A great soul is affected in either case, no farther than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this Hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them, with the justness, propriety, and good sense of *Cæsar*. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The Prince has wisdom and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties, in conjunction, banish all vain glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Eugene*, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit: Should you be told That was Prince *Eugene*, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into familiar good-will.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an Hero who never was equalled but by one man: over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity.

T
Tuesday.

N^o 341

Tuesday, April 1.

—*Revocate animos, mæstumque timorem**Militite*—Virg. *Æn.* 1. v. 206.

Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.

D R Y D E N.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent *Physibulus*, printed his letter last *Friday*, in relation to the new epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

S I R,

I Am amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last *Friday's* paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such honours as were never before given to any in an *English* theatre.

The audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* to go off the stage the first night, till she had repeated it twice; the second night the noise of *Ancora's* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice; the third night it was called for a second time; and in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropt after the third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

I must own I am the more surpris'd to find this censure in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural, because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every one knows that on the *British* stage they are distinct performances by themselves,



‘ selves, pieces intirely detached from the play, and no
‘ way essential to it

‘ The moment the play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is no more
‘ *Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield*; and tho’ the poet
‘ had left *Andromache* *stone-dead upon the stage*, as your
‘ ingenious correspondent phrases it. Mrs. *Oldfield* might
‘ still have spoke a merry epilogue. We have an in-
‘ stance of this in a tragedy where there is not only a
‘ death but a martyrdom. *St. Catherine* was there per-
‘ sonated by *Nell Gavin*; she lies *stone-dead upon the stage*,
‘ but upon those gentlemens offering to remove her bo-
‘ dy, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our
‘ *English* tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt be-
‘ ginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same
‘ time thought a very good epilogue:

*Hold, are you mad? you damn’d confounded dog,
I am to rise and speak the epilogue:*

‘ This diverting manner was always practised by Mr.
‘ *Dryden*, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies
‘ in his time, was allowed by every one to have the
‘ happiest turn for a prologue or an epilogue. The
‘ epilogues to *Cleomenes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of*
‘ *Guise*, *Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all pre-
‘ cedents of this nature.

‘ I might further justify this practice by that excellent
‘ epilogue which was spoken a few years since, after the
‘ tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*; with a great many
‘ others, in which the authors have endeavoured to make
‘ the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so
‘ well as the writer of this, they have however shewn
‘ that it was not for want of good-will.

‘ I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be
‘ still the more proper, as it is at the end of a *French*
‘ play: since every one knows that nation, who are ge-
‘ nerally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in *Eu-*
‘ *rope*, always close their tragic entertainments with
‘ what they call a *Petite Piece*, which is purposely de-
‘ sign’d to raise mirth, and send away the audience well-
‘ pleased. The same person, who has supported the chief
‘ character in the tragedy, very often plays the princi-
‘ pal part in the *Petite Piece*; so that I have myself seen

‘ at



• at *Paris*, *Orestes* and *Lubin* acted the same night by the
• same man.

• Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself in a for-
• mer speculation found fault with very justly, because it
• breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flow-
• ing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where
• they have already had their full course.

• As the new epilogue is written conformable to
• the practice of our best poets, so it is not such an
• one which, as the duke of *Buckingham* says in his
• *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other play; but wholly
• rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was com-
• posed for.

• The only reason your mournful correspondent gives
• against this *Facetious Epilogue*, as he calls it, is, that
• he has a mind to go home *melancholy*. I wish the
• gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my
• own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to
• have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me
• while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to
• bed in a good humour. If *Phyfibulus* is however re-
• solv'd to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears
• dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and
• when he has had his half crown's worth of sorrow,
• flink out before the epilogue begins.

• It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius
• complaining of the great mischief *Andromacke* had
• done him: What was that? Why she made him
• laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in
• mind of *Harlequin's* case, who was tickled to death.
• He tells us soon after, thro' a small mistake of sorrow
• for rage, that during the whole action he was so very
• sorry, that he thinks he could have attack'd *half a score*
• of the fiercest *Mobocks* in the excess of his grief, I
• cannot but look upon it as an happy accident, that
• a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction, was
• diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The
• valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's
• memory the *Knight of the sorrowful Countenance*, who
• lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old
• romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he
• himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure,
• bad



‘ *had it quitted the body, and descended to the poetical shades,*
 ‘ *in such an encounter.*

‘ *As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with*
 ‘ *a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is*
 ‘ *such a piece of jargon, that I don’t know what to*
 ‘ *make of it.*

‘ *The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition*
 ‘ *from the play house to the church, and from thence to*
 ‘ *the gallows.*

‘ *As for what relates to the church, he is of opi-*
 ‘ *nion, that these epilogues have given occasion to those*
 ‘ *merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipat-*
 ‘ *ed those good thoughts and dispositions he has found*
 ‘ *in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing*
 ‘ *of two slaves cul’d out by the judicious and diligent*
 ‘ *clerk.*

‘ *He fetches his next thought from Tyburn; and*
 ‘ *seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any*
 ‘ *innovations in the tragedies of his friend Paul*
 ‘ *Lorrain.*

‘ *In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer, who*
 ‘ *is so mightily scandaliz’d at a gay epilogue after a se-*
 ‘ *rious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy*
 ‘ *wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious*
 ‘ *death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make*
 ‘ *the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those*
 ‘ *poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas, and*
 ‘ *monthly performances.*

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient, most humble servant,

X

Philomeides.



Wednesday.



XX

N^o 342

Wednesday, April 2.

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines: Verecundiæ non offendere. Tull.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency in giving them no offence.

AS regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter which describes an egregious offender.

Mr. S P E C T A T O R,

‘ **I** Was this day looking over your papers, and reading
 ‘ in that of *Decemter* the 6th, with great delight,
 ‘ the amiable grief of *Asteria* for the absence of her husband,
 ‘ it threw me into a great deal of reflexion. I
 ‘ cannot say but this arose very much from the circumstances
 ‘ of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect
 ‘ every day to receive orders; which will oblige me to
 ‘ leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and
 ‘ that very deservedly. She is, at present, I am sure, no
 ‘ way below your *Asteria* for conjugal affection: But I
 ‘ see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the
 ‘ circumstances wherein my wife and I shall soon be,
 ‘ that it is with a reluctance I never knew before, I am
 ‘ going to my duty. What puts me to present pain, is,
 ‘ the example of a young lady, whose story you shall
 ‘ have as well as I can give it you. *Hortensius*, an officer
 ‘ of good rank in her Majesty’s service, happen’d in a
 ‘ certain part of *England* to be brought to a country-
 ‘ gentleman’s house, where he was receiv’d with that
 ‘ more than ordinary welcome, with which men of domestic
 ‘ lives entertain such few soldiers whom a military
 ‘ life, from the variety of adventures, has not render’d
 ‘ over-bearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable.
 ‘ *Hortensius* staid here some time, and had easy access at
 ‘ all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation at some
 ‘ parts



‘ parts of the day with the beautiful *Sylvana*, the gentleman’s daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and ’tis natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which *Hortensius* was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and among the rest, you’ll think it not improbable, it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as *Sylvana* would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that *Hortensius* knew it would be receiv’d as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father’s house: When that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity, or rather that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could shew pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation he could not be guilty of but to a woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces would still become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in compliance to his humour that way, than out of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this lesson, too hard for a woman, *Hortensius* added that she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country till his return. As soon as *Hortensius* departed, *Sylvana* saw in her looking glass, that the love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her: and she is convinced it was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel, tho’ bred in obscurity; so
‘ very



‘ very witty, tho’ never acquainted with court or town.
 ‘ She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence
 ‘ from the world, but without any regard to the ab-
 ‘ sence of the most generous man alive, she is now the
 ‘ gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the
 ‘ thoughts of her husband by a constant retinue of the
 ‘ vainest young fellows this age has produced ; to enter-
 ‘ tain whom, she squanders away all *Hortensius* is able to
 ‘ supply her with, tho’ that supply is purchased with no
 ‘ less difficulty than the hazard of his life.

‘ Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, would it not be a work
 ‘ becoming your office to treat this criminal as she
 ‘ deserves : You should give it the severest reflections you
 ‘ can : You should tell women, that they are more ac-
 ‘ countable for behaviour in absence than after death.
 ‘ The dead are not dishonour’d by their levities ; the
 ‘ living may return, and be laugh’d at by empty fops,
 ‘ who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man,
 ‘ who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come
 ‘ and spoil good company.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laugh’d
 at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the
 more common folly. But let any woman consider, which
 of the two offences an husband would the more easily
 forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to
 please company, or raising the desires of the whole room
 to his disadvantage ; and she will easily be able to form her
 conduct. We have indeed carry’d womens characters
 too much into public life, and you shall see them now-
 a-days affect a sort of fame : but I cannot help venturing
 to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that
 the utmost of a woman’s character is contain’d in do-
 mestic life ; she is blameable or praise-worthy according
 as her carriage affects the house of her father or her hus-
 band. All she has to do in this world, is contain’d
 within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a
 mother : All these may be well performed, tho’ a lady
 should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an
 assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate
 share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when
 the



the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure and ambition on things, which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species, (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers husbands, brothers, or children. T

N^o 343

Thursday, April 3.

—————*Errat, et illinc*
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quolibet occupat artus
Spiritus : éque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster—————

Pythag. ap. Ovid. Metam. l. 15. v. 165.

—————All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
 And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
 By time, or force, or sickness dispossest'd,
 And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.

D R Y D E N.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, to'd us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls,



souls and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir *Paul Rycant*, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at *Algiers*. You must know, says *WILL*, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, tho' under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you, says *WILL*, that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, *WILL* told us that *Jack Freelove*, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says *WILL*, whether it was written by *Jack* or the monkey.

Madam,

‘ **N**OT having the gift of speech, I have a long
 ‘ time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the
 ‘ conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly
 ‘ take the occasion of giving you my history in writing,
 ‘ which I could not do by word of mouth. You must
 ‘ know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I
 ‘ was an *Indian Brachmar*, and versed in all those myste-
 ‘ rious



rious secrets which your *European* philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a Dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature ; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begg'd, that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised on the word of a Dæmon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rise and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign ; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jack-call, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half-picked for my encouragement ; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chaces, he gave me such a confounded grine in his anger, that I died of it.



‘ In my next transmigration I was again set upon two
‘ legs, and became an *Indian* tax-gatherer; but hav-
‘ ing been guilty of great extravagancies: and being
‘ married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cur-
‘ sedly in debt, that I durst not shew my head. I could
‘ no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by
‘ some body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ven-
‘ tured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I
‘ was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I
‘ died a few months after.

‘ My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in
‘ that state led a most melancholy life for the space of
‘ six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I
‘ was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings,
‘ it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at
‘ me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of *English*
‘ ships, I observed a huge sea gull whetting his bill
‘ and hovering just over my head: Upon my dipping
‘ into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of
‘ a monstrous shark that swallowed me down in an in-
‘ stant.

‘ I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise,
‘ an eminent banker in *Lombardstreet*; and remem-
‘ bring how I had formerly suffered for want of money,
‘ became so very sordid and avaritious, that the whole
‘ town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old
‘ fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved
‘ myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I
‘ died.

‘ I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed
‘ to find myself dwindled into an ermet. I was heartily
‘ concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did
‘ not know but some time or other I might be reduced
‘ to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore
‘ applied myself with great diligence to the offices that
‘ were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the
‘ notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last
‘ picked up, as I was groaning under a burthen, by an
‘ unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood,
‘ and had before made great depredations upon our
‘ commonwealth.



‘ I then better’d my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee ; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were moit of us left dead upon the spot.

‘ I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through : how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years ; as also how I was a tailor, a thrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the *Christmas* holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

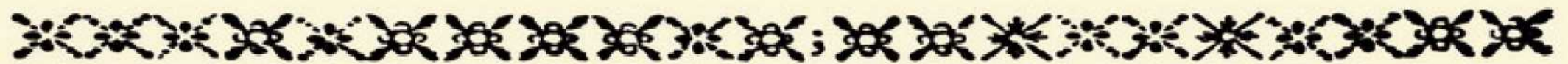
‘ But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and play’d a thousand tricks to gain you ; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in *Æthiopia*, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the *English* factory, and sent over into *Great-Britain* : I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain : I am, however very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for, when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

Your most devoted humble servant,

Pugg.

P. S. ‘ I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way ; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won’t like.’

Friday,



N^o 344 Friday, April 4.

In solo vivendi causa palato est.

Juv. Sat. II. v. II.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

CONGREVE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Think it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition or the many whimsical ways men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their acquaintance: Such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) from a meer accident. I was some days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen, who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, eat so immoderately for their applause, as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was, that having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I eat a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect however of this engagement, has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant



• suant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I
 • had depending on the strength of my stomach ; which
 • happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our
 • articles either to play or pay. How a man of common
 • sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine ; but
 • the occasion of this is to desire you to inform several
 • gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with
 • envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in
 • time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I for-
 • got to tell you, Sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I
 • received the acclamations and applause of the whole
 • board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into
 • convulsions : It was then that I returned his mirth
 • upon him with such success as he was hardly able to
 • swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and
 • a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endea-
 • voured to excel so far, had not the company been
 • so loud in their approbation of my victory. I don't
 • question but the same thirst after glory has often cau-
 • sed a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and
 • prompted men to many other difficult enterprises ;
 • which if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to
 • a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed
 • extravagantly pursued ; however I can't help observ-
 • ing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a
 • good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more
 • (tho' he had before dined) as well to confirm the per-
 • son that commended him in his good opinion of him,
 • as to convince any other at the table, who may have
 • been unattentive enough not to have done justice to
 • his character.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Epicure Mammon.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

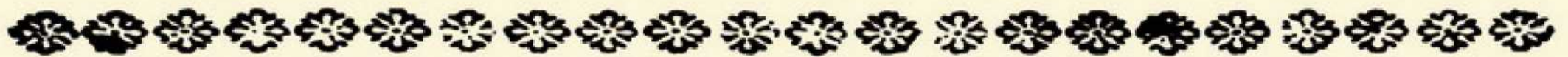
• **I** Have writ to you three or four times to desire
 • you would take notice of an impertinent custom
 • the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into,
 • of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such
 • a coquet air in some ladies, and such a sedate maucu-
 • line one in others, that I cannot tell which most to com-
 • • plain



plain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. *Santer* is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals, and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce, is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true: but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy phycic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff box. But *Flavilla* is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box which is indeed full of good (*Brazile*) in the middle of the sermon; and to shew she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it the men as well as the women who sit near her: But since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On *Sunday* was sevensnight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden, if he would take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige,

T

Sir, your most humble servant.



N° 345

Saturday, April 5.

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat ad hæc, et quæ dominari in cætera posset.
Natus homo est* ——— Ovid. Met. lib. i. v. 76.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.

DRYDEN.

THE accounts which *Raphael* gives of the battle of angels and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connexion with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days works. The poet here with a great deal of art, represents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with *Adam's* account of his passion and esteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

*So spake our sire, and by his countenance shew'd
Entring on studious thoughts abstract; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in silent,
With loveliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that even who saw to wish her stay,
Ret; and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
out sit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,*

Her



*Her nursery : they at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladder grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather : he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses ; from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd !*

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to *Adam's* enquiries was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the *Ptolemaic* and *Copernican* hypothesis are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dress'd in very pleasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation ; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader, than this discourse of our great ancestor ; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days works, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between *Adam* and the angel.



The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

*For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree (pleasant to thirst
And hunger both, from labour) at the hour
Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Tho' pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.*

The other I shall mention, is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

*For I that day was absent, as beset,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.*

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in *Virgil's* sixth book, where *Aeneas* and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, and clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

*Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
Put long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.*

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeable does he represent the picture in which he found himself the beautiful landskip that surrounded him; and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion?



————— *As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
 Seft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet: About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.*

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination.

————— *Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?*

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty at the same time that they have all the graces of nature.



They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of, tho', upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, tho' they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent, is describ'd with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

————— *Each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them as they pass'd*—————

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being, as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. *Adam* urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of *Paradise*, and Lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornament, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem: The more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of his sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines.

*Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.
———— I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd:
Let not my voice offend thee, heavenly Power,
My Maker, to profess as while I speak, &c.*

Adam



Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*. The new passion that was awaken'd in him at the sight of her, is touch'd very finely :

*Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unselt before:
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.*

Adam's distress from losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

Tho' this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the nuptial bower, with that which *Mr. Dryden* has made on the same occasion in a scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion or good-manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author join'd together, in the reflexion that *Adam* makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense.

*Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, seems in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies*

Imag.



*I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
 Walks, and the melody of birds : but here
 Far otherwise, transported I beheld,
 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,
 Commotion strange ! in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain ;
 Or from my side subducing, took perhaps
 More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.*

*When I approach
 Her loveliness so absolute she seems
 And in herself compleat, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ;
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews ;
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally ; and to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
 Puilt in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.*

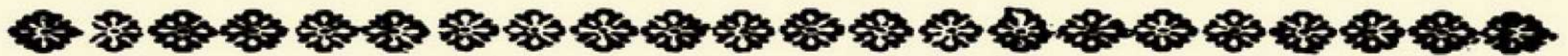
These sentiments of love, in our first parent, give the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the excess of this passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions ; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which *Adam* here gives such distant discoveries, brings about the fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse which follows the gentle rebuke he receiv'd from the angel, shews that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for *Paradise*.

Neither



*Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Tho' bigger of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair !*

Adam's speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence. L



Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longe antepono. Hac est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium. Tull.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence: The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.

WHEN we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper, than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason,



son, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his own family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of rally upon a man who should have reduc'd his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him; *That gentleman was generous?* My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time, and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious to yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue in commercial life: and according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune without commerce can possibly support. For the citizen above all other men has opportunities of arriving at *that highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expence of a man's own fortune.* It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concern'd to keep the favour a secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in *England*, are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party.



party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the boanteous*, who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by a most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred, because the man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature, as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported I know not whether he can be called a good subject, who does not imbark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many and extending his benignity the farthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may in all the occurrences of his life have his eye upon the removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his
wealth



wealth with honour and self-satisfaction : Nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men, would carry a man farther even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline mens minds to those who want them most, after this manner ; *We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you ; but the person whom you favour'd with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefit you do them ; they think they conferred a benefit when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliging man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family ; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.*

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice ; I am therefore calling about what act of benignity is in the power of a SPECTATOR. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow compass, and I think the most immediately under my patronage, are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs : All therefore I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town that on *Friday the 11th* of this instant *April*, there will be performed in *Town Buildings*, a concert of vocal and instrumental musick, for the benefit of *Mr. Edward Keen*, the father of twenty children ; and that this day the haughty *George Towell* hopes all the good-natur'd part of the town will favour him,



him, whom they applauded in *Alexander, Timon, Lear,* and *Orestes*, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest *Jack Falstaff*. T



N^o 347 Tuesday, April, 8.

Quis furor, ó Cives ! quæ tanta licet illa ferri !
Lucan. lib. 1. v. 8.

What blind, detested, madness could afford
Such horrid licence to the murd'ring sword ? ROWE.

I Do not question but my country readers have been very much surpris'd at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers, of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of *Mobocks*. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs are altogether various, infomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the *Irish*, is still fresh in most peoples memories, tho' it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panick fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the *Mobocks* are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her majesty's dominions, tho' they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mobocks* are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours ; and that when they tell them *the Mobocks will catch them*, it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*.

For



For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for that great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; tho' at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic: and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name, by which the emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian* orthography.

I shall only farther inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, tho' for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

To the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

‘ **F**INDING that our earnest endeavours for the
 ‘ good of mankind have been basely and maliciously
 ‘ represented to the world, we send you enclosed our im-
 ‘ perial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that
 ‘ you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting
 ‘ it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your
 ‘ ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid
 ‘ you heartily farewell.

Sign'd
 Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar.
Emperor of the Mohocks.

*The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor
 of the Mohocks.*

‘ **W**HEREAS we have received information from
 ‘ sundry quarters of this great and populous city,
 ‘ of several outrages committed on the legs, arms,
 ‘ noses and other parts of the good people of *England*,
 ‘ by such as have stiled themselves our subjects; in order
 ‘ to vindicate our imperial dignity from the false asper-
 ‘ sions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves
 ‘ might have encouraged or abetted any such practices;
 ‘ we have, by these presents, thought fit to signify our
 ‘ utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous
 ‘ and irregular proceedings; and do hereby farther give
 ‘ notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered
 ‘ any



‘ wound, hurt, damage or detriment in his or their
‘ limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter spe-
‘ cified, the said person or persons, upon applying them-
‘ selves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and
‘ redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith
‘ committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and
‘ be cured at our own expence, in some one or other of
‘ those hospitals which we are now erecting for that
‘ purpose.

‘ And to the end that no one may, either through
‘ ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which
‘ we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and
‘ dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that
‘ if any man be knock’d down or assaulted while he is
‘ employed in his lawful business, at proper hours, that
‘ it is not done by our order; and we do hereby permit
‘ and allow any such person so knocked down or as-
‘ faulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best
‘ manner that he is able.

‘ We do also command all and every our good sub-
‘ jects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext
‘ whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respec-
‘ tive quarters till between the hours of eleven and
‘ twelve. That they never *Tip the Lion* upon man, wo-
‘ man, or child, till the clock at St. *Dunstan’s* shall have
‘ struck one.

‘ That the *sweat* be never given but between the
‘ hours of one and two; always provided, that our
‘ *hunters* may begin to *bunt* a little after the close of the
‘ evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstand-
‘ ing. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to
‘ the necessity of *pinking*, it shall always be in the most
‘ fleshy parts, and such as are least expos’d to view.

‘ It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our
‘ good subjects the *sweaters* do establish their *humnums*
‘ in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that
‘ the patient or patients may not be in danger of catch-
‘ ing cold.

‘ That the *tumblers*, to whose care we chiefly com-
‘ mit the female sex, confine themselves to *Drury-Lane*,
‘ and the purlieus of the *Temple*, and that every other
‘ party and division of our subjects, do each of them
‘ keep



‘ keep within their respective quarters we have allotted
 ‘ to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein
 ‘ contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to
 ‘ the *bunters*, who have our full licence and permission to
 ‘ enter into any part of the town wherever their game
 ‘ shall lead them.

‘ And whereas we have nothing more at our impe-
 ‘ rial heart than the reformation of the cities of *London*
 ‘ and *Westminster*, which to our unspeakable satisfaction
 ‘ we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby
 ‘ earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, house-
 ‘ keepers and masters of families, in either of the afore-
 ‘ said cities, not only to repair themselves to their re-
 ‘ spective habitations at early and seasonable hours; but
 ‘ also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants
 ‘ and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those
 ‘ times and seasons which may expose them to a military
 ‘ discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the
 ‘ *Mobacks*: and we do further promise, on our imperial
 ‘ word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall
 ‘ be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostili-
 ‘ ties to cease.

*Given from our Court at the Devil-
 Tavern, March 15, 1712.*

X



N^o 348 Wednesday, April, 9.

Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?

Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 13.

To shun detraction, wou dst thou virtue fly?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **I** Have not seen you lately at any of the places where
 ‘ I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unac-
 ‘ quainted with what passes among my part of the
 ‘ world, who are, tho’ I say it, without controversy, the
 ‘ most



• most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give
• me leave to tell you that I am extremely discomposed
• when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all
• manner of detraction, and think it the greatest mean-
• ness that people of distinction can be guilty of: How-
• ever it is hardly possible to come into company, where
• you do not find them pulling one another to pieces,
• and that from no other provocation but that of hearing
• any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty,
• is become no other than the possession of a few trifling
• people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if
• you have really any thing in you that is deserving.
• What they would bring to pass, is, to make all good
• and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calum-
• nies, and impertinencies, to have the conduct of those
• report. By this means innocents are blasted upon
• their first appearance in town; and there is nothing
• more required to make a young woman the object of
• envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration.
• This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every
• thing that is praise-worthy, is as frequent among the
• men as the women. If I can remember what passed at
• a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the
• sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal
• malice, with equal impotence. *Jack Triplet* came into
• my lady *Airy's* about eight of the clock. You know
• the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe
• the circle; but Mr. *Triplet* came in, introduced by two
• tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is un-
• der a cap till my ladies candles are all lighted up, and
• the hour of ceremony begins: I say, *Jack Triplet*
• came in, and singing (for he is really good company)
• *Every feature, charming creature*——he went on, *It is*
• *a most unreasonable thing that people cannot go peaceably*
• *to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose.*
• *Such a Shape! Such an air! what a glance was that*
• *as her chariot pass'd by mine*——My lady herself in-
• terrupted him; *Pray who is this fine thing?*——*I war-*
• *rant*, says another, *'tis the creature I was telling your*
• *ladyship of just now. You were telling of?* says *Jack*;
• *I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and*
• *heard you, for I have not words to say what she is:*
• But



‘ But if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin
 ‘ shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze
 ‘ of ten thousand charms——The whole room flew
 ‘ out———Oh Mr. *Triplett*!———When Mrs. *Lofty*,
 ‘ a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the
 ‘ gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly
 ‘ represented her, impatient of being beheld——Then
 ‘ turning to the lady next to her———*The most unbred*
 ‘ *creature you ever saw.* Another pursued the discourse;
 ‘ As unbred, Madam, as you may think her, she is ex-
 ‘ tremely bely’d if she is the novice she appears; she was
 ‘ last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. *Triplett*
 ‘ *knows whether he was the happy man that took care of*
 ‘ *her home; but*———This was followed by some parti-
 ‘ cular exception that each woman in the room made to
 ‘ some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. *Triplett*
 ‘ was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till
 ‘ he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the
 ‘ end, I took notice *Triplett* recorded all this malice in
 ‘ his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain
 ‘ waggish shrug, that he design’d to repeat the conversa-
 ‘ tion: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after
 ‘ took an occasion to commend a certain gentleman
 ‘ of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty,
 ‘ courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an enter-
 ‘ taining conversation, to which advantages he had a
 ‘ shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. *Triplett*,
 ‘ who is a woman’s man, seem’d to hear me with pa-
 ‘ tience enough commend the qualities of his mind:
 ‘ He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest
 ‘ man and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must
 ‘ ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr.
 ‘ *Triplett* took occasion to give the gentleman’s pedi-
 ‘ gree, by what methods some part of the estate was
 ‘ acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for
 ‘ the present circumstances of it: After all he could see
 ‘ nothing but a common man in his person, his breed-
 ‘ ing or understanding.

‘ Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, this impertinent humour
 ‘ of diminishing every one who is produced in conver-
 ‘ sation to their advantage, runs thro’ the world; and I
 ‘ am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill-tongues



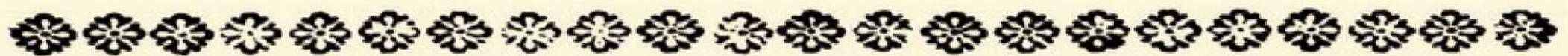
‘ that I have begged of all those who are my well-
 ‘ wishers never to commend me, for it will but
 ‘ bring my frailties into examination, and I had rather
 ‘ be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfec-
 ‘ tions. I am confident a thousand young people, who
 ‘ would have been ornaments to society, have, from
 ‘ fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the
 ‘ polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an
 ‘ odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person,
 ‘ genius and fortune. There is a vicious terror of be-
 ‘ ing blamed in some well-inclin’d people, and a wicked
 ‘ pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I
 ‘ recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert
 ‘ upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not
 ‘ say how much you will deserve of the town; but new
 ‘ toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their
 ‘ fame. I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Mary.

T.

N^o 349 Thursday, April 10.— — — *Quos illic timor**Maximus laud urget lethi metus : inde ruendi**In ferrum mens prona viris, anima que capaces**Mortis — — —*

Lucan. lib. 1. v. 454.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise !
 Hence they no cares for this frail Being feel,
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
 ‘To spare that life, which must so soon return.

ROWE.

I Am very much pleased with a consolatory letter of
Phalaris, to one who had lost a son that was a young
 man of great merit. The thought with which he
 comforts the afflicted father, is, to the best of my me-
 mory,



mory, as follows ; That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: That while he liv'd he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be call'd happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration, that *Epaminondas*, being asked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, saith he, before that question can be answered.

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the *Grecian* or *Roman* history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur *de St. Evremond* is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflexion. It was



was *Petronius's* merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived ; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelesness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author abovementioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman *Sir Thomas More*.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry ; and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last : He maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold, which he used to shew at his table ; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind ; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Mens natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shewn more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what



we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this instance in the history of the revolutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.

When Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corps was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, tho' he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture. L



N^o 350 Tuesday, April 11.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si iustitia vacat pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est, Tull.

That courage and intrepidity of mind, which distinguishes itself in dangers, if it is void of all regard to justice, and supports a man only in the pursuit of his own interest, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the club, and produced a letter from *Ipswich*, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an account of an engagement between a *French* privateer commanded by one *Dominick Pottiere*, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *Englishman* defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, till at last the *Englishman* finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: But the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the *Ipswich* man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him abroad, and that he staid to see him sink. The *Englishman* at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity: With this hope ~~he went~~ into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander; but though they received him against his command, they treated him when he was in the ship in the manner he directed. *Pottiere* caused his men to hold *Goodwin*, while he beat him with a stick till he fainted

F 2

with



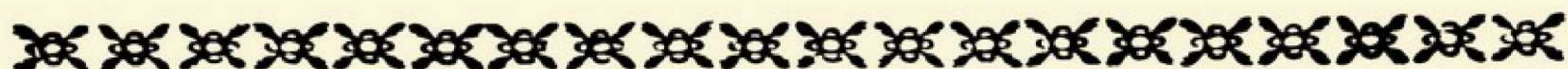
with loss of blood, and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage: After having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and foreness, he brought him into *Calais*. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed *Pottiere* from his charge with ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty, upon his prince and country.

When Mr. SENTRY had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. A good and truly bold spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by reason and a sense of honour and duty: The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an over-bearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and in the eyes of little people appears sprightly and agreeable; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmth, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour, is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine: To dare, is not all that there
is



is in it. The privateer, we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the galant. The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a *French* author on the subject of justness in point of galantry. I love, said Mr. SENTRY, a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author, added he, in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of *Turnus* and *Æneas*: He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of *Turnus*; but in *Æneas* there are many others which outshine it, amongst the rest that of piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour; *Æneas* speaks little, is slow to action, and shews only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make *Turnus* appear more courageous than *Æneas*, conduct and success prove *Æneas* more valiant than *Turnus*. T



N° 351

Saturday, April 12.

*In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.*Virg. *Æn.* 12. v. 59.

On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

IF we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 years after the *Trojan* war; and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose, that the tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; tho' there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures, as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of *Æneas* on which *Virgil* founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Æneas's* voyage and settlement in *Italy*.

The reader may find an abridgement of the whole story as collected out of the ancient Historians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionysius Halicarnassæus*.

Since none of the critics have consider'd *Virgil's* fable, with relation to this history of *Æneas*; it may not perhaps be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgement abovementioned, will find that the character of *Æneas* is filled with piety to the Gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles and predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this character in the person
of



of *Æneas*, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprizing. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the *Harpies* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third book, namely, that, before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the history of *Æneas*, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian abovementioned acquaints us, a prophetess had foretold *Æneas*, that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread, for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, *We are eating our tables*. They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it, is an hungry *Harpy*, as the person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.

Hous etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus !

Æn. 7. v. 116

See, we devour the plates, on which we fed.

DRYDEN,

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a ~~king~~, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same



way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of *Æneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given a place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with having considered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those parts in it which appear most exceptionable; I hope the length of this reflexion will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history, which was the basis of *Milton's* poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit, that she was overcome by this temptation, and that *Adam* followed her example. From these few particulars, *Milton* has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. *Satan's* traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations which introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up



up again through a fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of *Homer*, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

*So saying, through each thicket dank or dry
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.*

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature : He represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar, breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant favour to the nostrils of its Creator ; to which he adds a noble idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their morning worship, and filling up their universal consort of praise and adoration.

*Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From th' Earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell ; forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice ———*

The dispute, which follows between our two first parents, is represented with great art : it proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat : It is such a dispute as we



may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last *Saturday's* paper, shews itself here in many fine instances : As in those fond regards he casts towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

*Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated ; she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.*

In his impatience and amusement during her absence :

————— Adam the while,
*Waiting desirous her return; had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.*

But particularly in that passionate speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

————— Some cursed fraud
*Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd ; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die ;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would ~~never~~ from my heart ; no, no ! I feel
The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe !*



The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermix'd in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem, which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is describ'd as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her destruction, while *Adam* was at two great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude.

————— *Hope elevates, and joy*
Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way.
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far. .

That secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet represents in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When *Dido*, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruin'd her, *Virgil* tells us the earth trembled,



trembled, the Heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden fruit.

*So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost —————*

Upon *Adam's* falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

*————— He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge ; not deceiv'd
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan ;
Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.*

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathising in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the girdle which she had received from *Venus* ; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of mount *Ida*, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *Lotos*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth* ; and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam's* speech to *Eve*.

*For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense*

With



*With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever, bouny of this virtuous tree.
 So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
 Thick over-head with verdant roof embowr'd,
 He led her nothing loth; flow'rs were the couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
 And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The place of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them——*

As no poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more,
 or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius
 than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very
 imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not observed
 the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in
 these two great authors. I might, in the course of these
 criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and
 expressions which are translated from the *Greek* poet, but
 as I thought this would have appeared too minute and
 over-curious, have purposely omitted them. The greater
 incidents however, are not only set off by being shewn
 in the same light with several of the same nature in *Ho-*
mer, but by that means may be also guarded against the
 cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.

L



Monday,

N^o 352

Monday, April 14.

Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia. Tull.

If virtue be the end of our being, it must either ingross our whole concern, or at least take place of all our other interests.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. WILL takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be intirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist or moralist in any age: Men, said he, grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before. If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and follies of youth; but now WILL observes that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five and twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty: In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving mens fortunes, without regard to the methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends,



to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride, that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point ; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-liv'd force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly cover'd with artifice puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

‘ Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better : For why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to ? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it ; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discover'd to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

‘ It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction ; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity has many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit ; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of intanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ; it is the shortest and nearest way to

‘ our



‘ our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will
 ‘ hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cun-
 ‘ ning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and
 ‘ serviceable to them that use them ; whereas integrity
 ‘ gains strength by use, and the more and longer any
 ‘ man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by
 ‘ confirming his reputation and encouraging those with
 ‘ whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and
 ‘ confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advan-
 ‘ tage in the business and affairs of life.

‘ Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs
 ‘ nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and
 ‘ sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we
 ‘ are aware ; whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a
 ‘ man’s invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a
 ‘ great many more to make it good. It is like building
 ‘ upon a false foundation, which continually stands in
 ‘ need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more
 ‘ chargeable, than to have raised a substantial building
 ‘ at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity
 ‘ is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and
 ‘ unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no
 ‘ discovery ; of which the crafty man is always in danger,
 ‘ and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pre-
 ‘ tences are so transparent that he that runs may read
 ‘ them ; he is the last man that finds himself to be
 ‘ found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he
 ‘ makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

‘ Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendi-
 ‘ ous wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy
 ‘ dispatch of business ; it creates confidence in those we
 ‘ have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries,
 ‘ and brings things to an issue in a few words : It is like
 ‘ travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly
 ‘ brings a man sooner to his journey’s end than by-
 ‘ ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word,
 ‘ whatsoever conveniencies may be thought to be in
 ‘ falshood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the
 ‘ inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a
 ‘ man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so
 ‘ that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor
 ‘ trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a

‘ man



‘ man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity,
 ‘ he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, nei-
 ‘ ther truth nor falsehood.

‘ And I have often thought, that God hath in his
 ‘ great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest
 ‘ minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity
 ‘ to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these
 ‘ men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition,
 ‘ that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor
 ‘ forbear to seize upon it, tho’ by ways never so indi-
 ‘ rect; they cannot see so far as to the remotest conse-
 ‘ quences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and
 ‘ advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were
 ‘ but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough
 ‘ to discern this, they would be honest out of very kna-
 ‘ very, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but
 ‘ with a crafty design to promote and advance more
 ‘ effectually their own interests; and therefore the ju-
 ‘ stice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest
 ‘ point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might
 ‘ not be upon equal terms with the just and upright,
 ‘ and serve their own wicked designs by honest and law-
 ‘ ful means.

‘ Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for
 ‘ a day, and should never have occasion to converse more
 ‘ with mankind, never more need their good opinion
 ‘ or good word, it were then no great matter (speak-
 ‘ ing as to the concernments of this world) if a man
 ‘ spent his reputation all at once, and ventur’d it at one
 ‘ throw: But if he be to continue in the world, and
 ‘ would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is
 ‘ in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his
 ‘ words and actions; for nothing but this will last and
 ‘ hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth
 ‘ and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him
 ‘ out to the last.

T



Tuesday,

N^o 353

Tuesday, April 15.

In tenui labor——

Virg. Georg. 4. v. 6.

Tho low the subject, it deserves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter.

S I R,

I Take the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth: In my last I gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue; I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure, or if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views may be said to study for ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune the other to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning: in order to which I shall observe, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure



‘ figure in the eye of the world, not being always the
‘ most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to
‘ their owners.

‘ The posts which require men of shining and un-
‘ common parts to discharge them, are so very few, that
‘ many a great genius goes out of the world without
‘ ever having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas
‘ persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions
‘ fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the
‘ common occurrences of life.

‘ I am acquainted with two persons who were for-
‘ merly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever
‘ since. One of them was not only thought an impene-
‘ trable blockhead at school, but still maintain’d his re-
‘ putation at the University; the other was the pride of
‘ his master, and the most celebrated person in the col-
‘ lege of which he was a member. The man of genius
‘ is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight-
‘ score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare
‘ abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of
‘ above an hundred thousand pounds.

‘ I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear
‘ a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether
‘ or no he ought to wish his son should be a great ge-
‘ nius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more ab-
‘ surd than to give a lad the education of one, whom
‘ nature has not favoured with any particular marks of
‘ distinction.

‘ The fault therefore of our grammar schools is, that
‘ every boy is pushed on to works of genius: whereas
‘ it would be far more advantageous for the greatest
‘ part of them to be taught such little practical arts and
‘ sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be
‘ master of them, and yet may come often into play
‘ during the course of a man’s life.

‘ Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I
‘ have known a man contract a friendship with a minister
‘ of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and re-
‘ member a clergyman who got one of the best benefices
‘ in the west of *England*, by setting a country gentle-
‘ man’s affairs in some method, and giving him an ex-
‘ act survey of his estate.

‘ While



While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars; I mean the writing of *English* letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with *Latin* epistles, themes and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided either of them ever fail'd at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin* their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these *Latin* orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

Under this head of writing I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

History is full of examples of persons, who, tho' they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances



‘ advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter,
‘ or a dancing master.

‘ The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are
‘ only so many accomplishments, which in another are
‘ essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the
‘ other works at them. In short, I look upon a great
‘ genius, with these little additions, in the same light
‘ as I regard the Grand Seignior, who is obliged by an
‘ express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise
‘ some handicraft trade. Tho’ I need not to have gone
‘ for my instance farther than *Germany*, where several
‘ Emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. *Leo-*
‘ *pold* the last worked in wood; and I have heard there
‘ are several handicraft works of his making to be seen
‘ at *Vienna* so neatly turn’d, that the best joiner in *Eu-*
‘ *rope* might safely own them without any disgrace to
‘ his profession

‘ I would not be thought, by any thing I have said,
‘ to be against improving a boy’s genius to the utmost
‘ pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to
‘ shew in this essay, is, that there may be methods taken
‘ to make learning advantageous even to the meanest
‘ capacities.

X

I am, S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 354 Wednesday, April 16.

————— *Cum magnis virtutibus affers*
Grande supercilium. ————— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 168.

We own thy virtues; but we blame beside
Thy mind elate with insolence and pride.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **Y**OU have in some of your discourses describ’d most
‘ sorts of women in their distinct and proper clas-
‘ ses, as the *ape*, the *coquet*, and many others; but
‘ I thing you have never yet said any thing of a *devotee*.
‘ A *devotee* is one of those who disparage religion by
‘ their



• their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the
 • mention of virtue on all occasions: She professes she is
 • what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the
 • labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with
 • chearfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and
 • denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a con-
 • stant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her.
 • She is never herself but at church; there she displays
 • her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have
 • frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While
 • other young ladies in the house are dancing, or play-
 • ing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her
 • closet. She says all love is ridiculous except it be ce-
 • lestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to
 • another, with too much bitterness, for one that had no
 • jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any
 • time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mis-
 • tress, she will lift up her eyes to Heaven and cry, What
 • nonsense is that fool talking; Will the bell never ring
 • for prayers? We have an eminent lady of this stamp
 • in our country, who pretends to amusements very much
 • above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white
 • shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or
 • dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridg'd piece
 • of morality to steal out when she is sure of being ob-
 • served. When she went to the famous ass-race (which
 • I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged
 • by people of rank and figure) it was not, like other
 • ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see
 • fellows run naked, or to hear country-squires in bob
 • wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach
 • and cry, Madam, this is dainty weather. Thus she
 • described the diversion; for she went only to pray hear-
 • tily that no body might be hurt in the croud, and to see
 • if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted by grin-
 • ning, might any way be brought to itself again. She
 • never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is
 • supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This
 • ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity,
 • that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only un-
 • amiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full
 • of reflexions which abhor this kind of conduct, and a
 • devotee



‘ *devotee* is so far from promoting goodness, that she de-
 ‘ ters others by her example. Foily and vanity in one
 ‘ of these ladies, is like vice in a clergyman ; it does
 ‘ not only debate him, but makes the inconsiderate part
 ‘ of the world think the worse of religion.

I am, S I R,

Your humble servant,

Hotspur.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **X**ENOPHON, in his short account of the *Spar-*
 ‘ *tan* commonwealth. speaking of the behaviour
 ‘ of their young men in the streets, says, There was so
 ‘ much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon
 ‘ have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you, as
 ‘ theirs ; and that in all their behaviour they were more
 ‘ modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-
 ‘ night : This virtue, which is always in join’d to mag-
 ‘ nanimity, had such an influence upon their courage,
 ‘ that in battle an enemy could not look them in the
 ‘ face, and they durst not but die for their country.

‘ When ver I walk into the streets of *London* and
 ‘ *Westminster* the countenances of all the young fellows
 ‘ that pass by me, make me wish myself in *Sparta* : I
 ‘ meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold
 ‘ fronts, that to a superficial observer would bespeak a
 ‘ courage above those *Grecians*. I am arriv’d to that per-
 ‘ fection in speculation, that I understand the language
 ‘ of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me,
 ‘ had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philo-
 ‘ sophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does
 ‘ not tell me, with a full stare, he’s a bold man : I see
 ‘ several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of
 ‘ mine, but the oddness of my person : I meet contempt
 ‘ in every street, express’d in different manners, by the
 ‘ scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling
 ‘ nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The prentice
 ‘ speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the
 ‘ porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country ge-
 ‘ tleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices,
 ‘ signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be ima-
 ‘ gined how the polite rabble of this town, who are
 ‘ acquainted

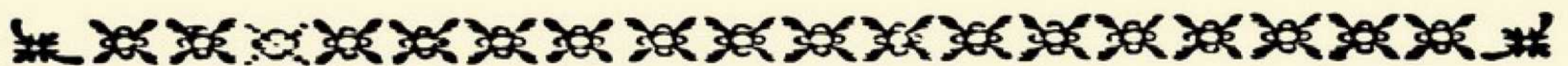


acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and sily twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. *Mycherley* somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, Red breeches are a certain sign of valour; and *Otway* makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject; in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as *Diogenes*, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad day-light with a lanthorn and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lanthorn, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I'll direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

T Sophrosunius.



N^o 355 Thursday, April 17.

Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam.

Ovid. Trist. l. 2. v. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my invenom'd pen,
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I Have been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person, but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindred
2 my



my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procur'd me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shews a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered: But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovok'd the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in *Epictetus*, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true: If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, tho' he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natur'd man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease: His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.



I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falshood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? Or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur *Balzac*, in a letter to the chancellor of *France*, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author. *If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of 'em to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.*

The author here alludes to those monuments of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any of the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to shew the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that
the



the work would have been of very little use to the public, had it been filled with personal reflections and debates ; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall conclude with the fable of *Boccalini's* traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. This, says the author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose : Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them. L

XX

N^o 356 Friday, April 18.

*——— Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii,
Charior est illis homo quam sibi ! ——*

Juv. Sat. 10. v. 349.

The Gods will grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want :
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel ;
Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well !

DRYDEN.

IT is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their Being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflexions go deep enough to receive religion as the most honorable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness, to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we



search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self love and vain-glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or another Being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenour of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the christian world has a leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society: Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his deliverer? When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aking sorrows?

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our almighty leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great master enforced the doctrine of our salvation:



salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they: They could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes follow'd him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maim'd; whom when their Creator had touch'd, with a second life they saw, spoke, leap'd, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the croud could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the extatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributor's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, chearful hours, and innocent conversations.

But tho' the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches and pomp; for *Peter*, upon an accident of ambition among the Apostles, hearing his master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandaliz'd that he whom he had so long follow'd should suffer the ignominy, shame and death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee*: For which he suffered a severe reprehension from his master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit as a saviour and deliverer to make his public entry into *Jerusalem* with



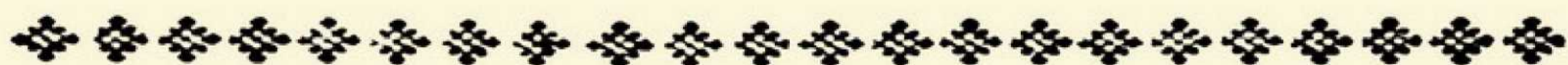
more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new ecstasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of David, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this great king's accession to the throne, men were not enobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; he did not bestow medals, honours, favours, but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw, was the author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the *Hosannah*. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and wordlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time, use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand, that 'twas not want of, but superiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the saviour? Is this the deliverer? Shall this obscure *Nazarene* command *Israel*, and sit on the throne of *David*? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more distinctly what should befall him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that tho' all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd and spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate these very injuries? See where they have nail'd the Lord and giver of life! How his wounds



wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony ! Oh almighty sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infancy : Lo he inclines his head to his sacred bosom ! Hark he groans ! See, he expires ! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise : Which are the quick ? Which are the dead ? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her Creator.

T

N^o 357 Saturday, April 19.

——— *Quis talia fando*
Temperet à lachrymis ? ———

Virg. *Æn.* 2. v. 6.

Who can relate such woes without a tear ?

THE tenth book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author upon the winding up of his action introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celestial persons : The guardian angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance ; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines.



*Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
 'Tb' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
 For man; for of his state by this they knew:
 Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n
 Entrance unseen. Soon as tb' un-welcome news
 From earth arriv'd, at Heaven gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages; yet mixt
 With pity, violated not their b'iss.
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Tb' æthereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel: They to-w'rds the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste, to make appear,
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approv'd; when the most high
 Eternal father, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.*

The same divine person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to *Paradise*, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which holy writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words, in which the three several sentences were passed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents standing naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of sin and death into the works of the creation, the almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him.

*See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
 To waste and havock yonder world, which I
 So fair and good created; &c.*

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable



numerable host of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters.

*He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Tbrough multitude that sung : Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
Who can extenuate thee ?——*

Tho' the author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of the fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where describing Sin as marching thro' the works of nature, he adds,

*———Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse———*

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. *And I looked and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him : and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.* Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce several changes in nature, and fully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author.



*Some say he bid his angels turn ascanse
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centric globe. —————*

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this book. It is observed by those who would set forth the greatness of *Virgil's* plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. *Asia, Afric, and Europe* are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of *Milton's* poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. *Satan* having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his course among the constellations, and after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage thro' the *chaos*, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels, is work'd up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the reader: but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are look'd upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. *Milton* never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into this poem. The unexpected hiss which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. *Milton's* art is nowhere more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these



these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contriv'd to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Tho' *Adam* involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for *Eve*, that ruined *Adam*, and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the *French* critics call the *tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and *Eve* in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several changes in nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence.

*Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me? or bere place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd —————*

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

————— *Why delays
His hand to execute, what his decree .*

Fix'd



*Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
 As in my mother's lap! there shou'd I rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring, would torment me
 With cruel expectation.* —————

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shews in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader.

————— *Hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
 My own deservings: but this will not serve;
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, Increase and multiply;
 Now death to bear!* —————

————— *In me all
 Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony,
 That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave you none!
 So disinherited, how would you bless
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
 But all corrupt?* —————

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress;

*Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
 Thro' the still night; not now (as ere man fell)
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black air*

Accom-



*Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom ;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretch'd he lay ; on the cold ground ! and oft
Curs'd his creation ; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution——*

The part of *Eve* in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spurn'd from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic.

*He added not, and from her turn'd : But Eve
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble ; and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forfake me not thus, Adam ! Witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd ! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not
(Whereon I live !) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength, and stay ! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
While yet we live, (scarce one short hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace, &c.*

Adam's reconciliation to her is work'd up in the same spirit of tenderness. *Eve* afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity they should resolve to live childless ; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very
fine



fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not shew such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented *Eve* as entertaining this thought, and *Adam* as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, as *Death* and *Sin*, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader who knows the strength of the *English* tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a bridge over the *chaos*; a work suitable to the genius of *Milton*.

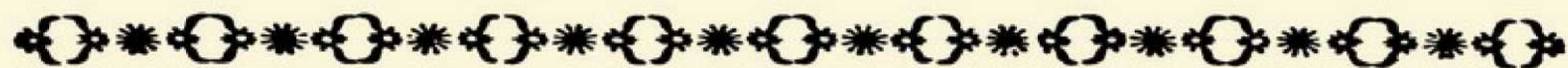
Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shewn, without being engaged in any series of action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider, that tho' we now regard such a person as intirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying
that



that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his recompence, he tells us, that the *Hours* brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which *Minerva's Ægis* produced in battle, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by *Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death*. In the same figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Discord* as the mother of funerals and mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces*; *Eellona* as wearing *terror and consternation* like a garment. I might give several other instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the right hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that at the rising of the sun, the *Hours* unbarr'd the gates of light; that *Discord* was the daughter of *Sin*. Of the same nature are those expressions, where describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased*; and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the *chaos*, *Confusion heard his voice*. I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper agents in a work of this nature as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the tragedies of *Æschylus*, who represented those two persons nailing down *Pro metheus* to a rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets who describing God as descending from Heaven and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence*. It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all
her



her purple spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right hand, *Phrenzy* on her left, and *Death* in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted from the earth in a flash of lightning: She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination. L

N^o 358

Monday, April 21.

—*Desipere in loco.*

Hor. Od. 12. l. 4. v. ult.

'Tis wisdom's part sometimes to play the fool.

CHARLES Lilly attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic Work, lately discovered at *Stansfield* near *Woodstock*. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, That this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were generally passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the chearful looks of well chosen and agreeable



able friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the flow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, chear'd with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in the company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, overrating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolick with an ill grace? I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolick. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world know they know better: To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolick was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoked a cobbler. The same company at another night has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and ran into the streets,



streets, and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in *Covent Garden*, but can tell you an hundred good humours, where people have come off with a little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in his head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jest: He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions, would confine their actions to the place of meeting: For a frolick carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolick which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers that it is never very grateful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company, is *Eastcourt*, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is
said



said to have given the audience, in dumbshow, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all, who have been obliged to these talents in *Eastcourt*, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not ever seen it before. T



N^o 359 Tuesday, April 22.

*Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam ;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*
Virg. Ecl. 2. v. 63.

The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse.
D R Y D E N,

AS we were at the club last night, I observed my old friend Sir R O G E R, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogg'd Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, *A foolish woman! I can't believe it.* Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir ANDREW that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation Sir R O G E R told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir *David Dundrum*, had been making a visit to the widow.



widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh; I thought, Knight, said he, thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in *Great Britain*, tho' the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. I am now, says he, upon the verge of fifty, (tho' by the way we all knew he was turn'd of threescore.) You may easily guess, continued WILL, that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of *settling* in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, tho' I can't much boast of my success.

I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old Put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in *Lions Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady, who was an only daughter, and of a good family; I danced with her at several balls, squeez'd her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and tho' my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny



deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard to my unspeakable surprize, that Miss *Jenny* was that very morning run away with the butler.

I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, tho' I seldom failed of getting the daughters consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of *England*; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.

As *WILL*'s transitions are extremely quick, he turn'd from Sir *ROGER*, and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last *Saturday*, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a *Pocket-Milton*, read the following lines, which are part of one of *Adam*'s speeches to *Eve* after the fall.

————— *Oh! why did God,
Creator wise! that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature? and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable*

Disput-



*Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate; but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
 Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.*

Sir ROGER listened to this passage with great attention and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X

XX

N^o 360 Wednesday, April 23.

————— *De paupertate tacentes*

Plus poscente ferent.

Hor. Epist. 17. l. 1. v. 43.

The man that's silent, nor proclaims his want,
 Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint.

CREECH.

I Have nothing to do with the business of this day, any further than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable, since if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ T HERE is an evil under the sun which has not
 ‘ yet come within your speculation, and is, the
 ‘ censure, disesteem, and contempt which some young
 ‘ fellows meet with from particular persons, for the rea-
 ‘ sonable



• sonable methods they take to avoid them in general.
 • This is by appearing in a better dress, than may seem
 • to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune;
 • and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable ex-
 • travagance in other particulars: But the disadvantage
 • with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and
 • speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little book called
 • *The Christian Hero*, that the appearing to be otherwise
 • is not only pardonable but necessary. Every one
 • knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in con-
 • tempt of a person that appears to be calamitous, which
 • makes it very excuseable to prepare one's self for the
 • company of those that are of a superior quality and
 • fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than
 • one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us
 • really of worse.

• It is a justice due to the character of one who suf-
 • fers hard reflexions from any particular person upon
 • this account, that such persons would inquire into his
 • manner of spending his time; of which, tho' no fur-
 • ther information can be had than that he remains so
 • many hours in his chamber, yet if this is cleared, to
 • imagine that a reasonable creature wrung with a narrow
 • fortune does not make the best use of this retirement,
 • would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From
 • what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can
 • be extorted, implying, that I would have any young
 • fellow spend more time than the common leisure
 • which his studies require, or more money than his for-
 • tune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an
 • acquaintance with his betters: For as to his time, the
 • gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial ac-
 • quisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which he
 • ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. And
 • as to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than
 • in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: For
 • being perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapelus's* contrivance of
 • making a *Mobock* of a man, by presenting him with
 • lac'd and embroider'd suits, I would by no means be
 • thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the
 • advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which ad-
 • mits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense
 • dress'd

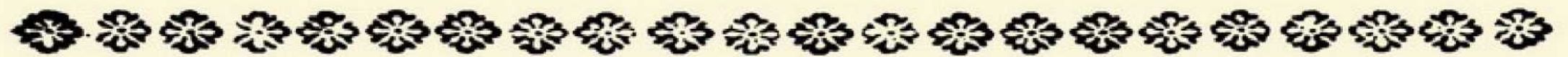


dress'd like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one who sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded; for policy and good breeding will counsel him to be reserv'd among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air and attire hardly intitle him to it? for whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, tho' he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteely, might with artificial management save ten pound a year; as instead of fine holland he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: But of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about *Bank Stock*, and to shew a marvellous surprize upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which the most eminent



‘ hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with.
‘ What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than
‘ that immense erudition of all ages and languages,
‘ which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter,
‘ shall image upon his column and the extremities of
‘ his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome
‘ appearance reigns among the grave and solid appren-
‘ tices of the law, (here I could be particularly dull in
‘ proving the word apprentice to be significant of a bar-
‘ rister) and you may easily distinguish who has most
‘ lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest
‘ and most ornamental frame of his window: If indeed
‘ the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails before
‘ it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the
‘ pomp of business better maintain’d. And what can be
‘ a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that
‘ burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our
‘ judges, nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain
‘ days we see them incumbered? And though it may be
‘ said, this is lawful, and necessary for the dignity of the
‘ state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, be-
‘ fore they arrived at their present stations, for being
‘ *very well dressed persons*. As to my own part, I am
‘ near thirty; and since I left school have not been
‘ idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard.
‘ I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and
‘ a tolerable jargon of metaphysics from the Univer-
‘ sity; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing
‘ part of the perplex’d stile and matter of the law,
‘ which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To
‘ all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper
‘ interims, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwith-
‘ standing which, I am what *Shakspear* calls *A fellow of*
‘ *no mark or likelihood*; which makes me understand the
‘ more fully, that since the regular methods of making
‘ friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession
‘ is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all
‘ reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaint-
‘ tance, to court that time and chance which is said to
‘ *happen* to every man.’ T

N^o 361 Thursday, April 24.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quæ præteritus omnis
Concremuit domus* ————— Virg. *Æn.* 7. v. 514.

The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around ;
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound,

I Have lately received the following letter from a country gentleman.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE night before I left *London* I went to see a play called *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to see so many persons of quality of both sexes assembled together at a kind of caterwauling ; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument which I found the company called a Cat-call ; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from *Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an *English* fiddle : though I durst not shew my dislike whilst I was in the play-house, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers. I am, SIR,

Your most affectionate friend and servant.

John Shallow, F/g



In compliance with Squire *Shallow*'s request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being inform'd at two or three toyshops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them? He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately return'd from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the statue of a *Momus*, who holds an instrument in his right-hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain, that the roaring of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument, if dexterously play'd upon in proper time and place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of *English* music. Its resemblance to the



voice of some of our *British* songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable over-grown cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the original of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the *British* theatre: It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsicord accompanies the *Italian* recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient *chorus*, in the words of Mr. ***. In short, a bad poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call, as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music, has the following passage:

I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use: An instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair, and cowardise and consternation, at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and scritch-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.

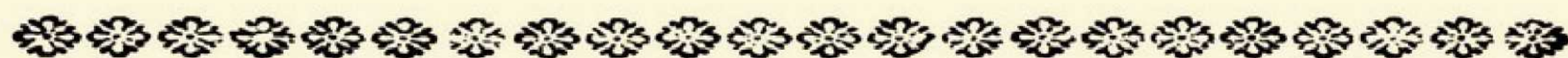
What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frightened heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As



As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat calls.

I must conclude his paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to shew whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call. L



N^o 362 Friday, April 25.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus—Hor. Ep. 19. l. 1. v. 6.

The man, who praises drinking, stands from thence
Convict a sot on his own evidence.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Temple, April 24.

SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got together over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to *Brooke* and *Hillier*. In gratitude therefore to those good citizens, I am, in the name of the company to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I



cannot imagine how a SPECTATOR can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of *Cully-Mully-Puff* of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in carts, or carried by horse or ass. or in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or putrified ; witness the wheel-barrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vended by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot-soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing ; but except his poor parents send to one certain doctor in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the above-mentioned citizens, who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular ? It was a custom among the old *Romans*, to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen ; how much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes ? As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health, you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines should be under oaths in that behalf. The chairman at the quarter sessions should inform the country, that the vintner, who mixes wine to his customers, shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deem'd guilty of wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in char' of med'cy or man slaughter, upon proof that it shall appear
‘ wine



• wine joined to wine, or right *Herefordshire* poured into
 • *Port O Port* ; but his selling it for one thing, knowing
 • it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of
 • wilful murder : For that he, the said vintner, did an
 • unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is there-
 • fore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man
 • would be, if it were proved he designed only to run a
 • man through the arm whom he whipped through the
 • lungs. This is my third year at the *Temple*, and this is
 • or should be law. An ill intention well proved should
 • meet with no alleviation, because it out-ran itself. There
 • cannot be too great severity used against the injustice as
 • well as cruelty of those who play with mens lives, by
 • preparing liquors, whose nature, for ought they know,
 • may be noxious when mixed, tho' innocent when a-
 • part : And *Brooke* and *Hillier*, who have insured our
 • safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups
 • in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the
 • whole town ; and it is your duty to remind them of the
 • obligation.

I am, S I R,

Your humble servant,

Tom Pottle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

• **I** Am a person who was long immured in a college,
 • read much, saw little ; so that I knew no more of
 • the world than what a lecture or view of the map
 • taught me. By this means I improved in my study,
 • but became unpleasant in conversation. By convers-
 • ing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for
 • the society of the living ; so by a long confinement
 • I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and
 • ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little enter-
 • tainment to others. At last I was in some measure
 • made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of
 • never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the discourse
 • ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst
 • men. I immediately affected the politest company,
 • by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the
 • rust I had contracted ; but by an uncouth imitation
 • of men used to act in public, I got no further than



• to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I
• really was.

• Such I was, and such was my condition, when I
• became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer of
• the beautiful *Belinda*: Then it was that I really
• began to improve. This passion changed all my fears
• and diffidences in my general behaviour to the sole
• concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the
• action of a gentleman; but love possessing all my
• thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to
• appear. My thoughts grew free and generous, and the
• ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in
• my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner
• of my *Belinda*. The way we are in at present is, that
• she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speak-
• ing of it through prudential regards. This respect to
• her she returns with much civility, and makes my value
• for her as little misfortune to me as is consistent with
• discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to
• do so at my request, because she knows I love her: She
• will dance with me rather than another for the same
• reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I
• can speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are
• not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness
• of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you
• the character of *Belinda*, as a woman that has address
• enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, with-
• out giving him hopes of success in his passion. *Be-
• linda* has from a great wit, govern'd by a great pru-
• dence, and both adorned with innocence, the hap-
• piness of always being ready to discover her real
• thoughts. She has many of us, who are now her ad-
• mirers; but her treatment of us is so just and propor-
• tioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in
• ourselves, that I protest to you, I have neither jealousy
• nor hatred toward my rivals. Such is her goodness,
• and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her,
• that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him
• who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace
• among us is not owing to self love, which prompts
• each to think himself the best deserver. I think there
• is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in
• this



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‘ this lady’s character. If you will please to print my
‘ letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy
‘ rivals, and in a more particular manner,

S I R,

Your most humble servant,

T

Will Cymon.



N^o 363 Saturday, April 26.

— *Crudelis ubique*

LuEus, ubique pavor, & plurima mortis imago.

Virg. *Æn* 2. v. 368.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.

DRYDEN.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions, which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt thro’ remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: To which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offer’d up their penitential prayers, on the very place where their judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence.

— *They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg’d them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess’d
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg’d, with tears
Watering the ground.* —

There is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of *Sœvicles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own eyes. instead of breaking his neck from the palace-battlements



battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our *English* audience) desires that he may be conducted to mount *Cithæron*, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, form'd upon that beautiful passage in holy writ: *And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God.*

*To heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor mis'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne—*

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of scripture, which *Milton* has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel*, speaking of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about.

*The cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim, four faces each
had, like a double Janus, all their shag:
Spangled with eyes —*

The assembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here describ'd as remembering



membring mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him.

——— *Yet lest they faint*
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them softned, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.

The conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle pursuing each of them their prey towards the eastern gates of *Paradise*. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet to shew the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.

——— *Why in the east*
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly band
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition——

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the expulsion of our first parents from



from *Paradise*. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in that familiar manner with which *Raphael* the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely describ'd in the following passage.

——— *Th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial; but as man
Clad to meet man: o'er his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and heroes old,
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:
His starry helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistening zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low, he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared.*

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of *Paradise*, is wonderfully beautiful: The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

*Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? Where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names;
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, an owner from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander alone
To a lesser world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?*

Adam's



Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it.

*This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I shall be bid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine; and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these firs his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world, where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recal'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.*

The angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the highest mount of *Paradise*, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of *Milton's* poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil's* hero, in the last of these poems, is entertain'd with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher nature. *Adam's* vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which *Adam* takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of *Cain* and *Abel*, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises



arises in *Adam* at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

*But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!*

The second vision sets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The angel to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital or lazarethouse, fill'd with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingring and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary Beings as those I mentioned in my last *Saturday's* paper.

*Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.*

The passion, which likewise rises in *Adam* on this occasion, is very natural.

*Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Tho' not of woman torn; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.*

The discourse between the angel and *Adam*, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry, than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into *Adam's* heart, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

For



*For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blythe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise;
Bred only and compleated to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the eyes
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair atheists——*

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. *Adam* at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out in that passionate speech,

——— *O what are these !
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother : for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men ?*

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon *Ovid's* account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations, which *Seneca* found fault with, as unbecoming the great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in *Ovid* is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in *Milton*.

Jamque



*Jamque mare & tellus nulum discrimen habebant,
Nil risti pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.*

Ovid. Met. i. v. 291.

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.

DRYDEN.

————— *Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore*—————

Milton.

In *Milton* the former part of the description does not forestal the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our *English* poet.

————— *—And in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd*—————

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were us'd to browse? The reader may find several other parallel passages in the *Latin* and *English* description of the deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being over charged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to *Paradise* is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

————— *Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood;
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees arisht
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root; an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and orcs and sea-monsters clang.*

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of *Ovid*.

How

*How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation ! thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood. thee also drown'd
And sunk thee as thy sons ; 'till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once.*

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem ; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from *Paradise* ; but tho' this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that, had not *Milton* represented our first parents as driven out of *Paradise*, his Fall of Man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect. L



Nº 364 Monday, April 28.

———— *Navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.* Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 29.
We ride and sail in quest of happiness. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ A Lady of my acquaintance, for whom I have too
‘ much respect to be easy while she is doing an
‘ indiscreet action, has given occasion to this
‘ trouble : She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of
‘ a tender husband had intrusted the management of a
‘ very great fortune and a son about sixteen, both which
‘ she



• she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the
• middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has
• passed the common exercises of his years with tolera-
• ble advantage, but is withal what you would call a
• forward youth: by the help of this last qualification,
• which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled
• to make the best use of his learning, and display it
• at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he
• distinguished himself two or three times very remark-
• ably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most
• of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such
• weighty considerations as these, as it too often un-
• fortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly
• persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that
• to chain him down to the ordinary methods of educa-
• tion with others of his age, would be to cramp his
• faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful
• capacity.

• I happened to visit at the house last week, and
• missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where
• he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraor-
• dinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My
• lady told me, he was gone out with her woman, in
• order to make some preparations for their equipage;
• for that she intended very speedily to carry him to tra-
• vel. The oddness of the expression shock'd me a lit-
• tle; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let
• her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was
• that she design'd this summer to shew her son his
• estate in a distant county, in which he has never yet
• been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agree-
• able mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She
• enlarged upon young master's prodigious improve-
• ments, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-
• learning; concluding, that it was now high time he
• should be made acquainted with men and things; that
• she had resolved he should make the tour of *France*
• and *Italy*, but could not bear to have him out of
• her sight, and therefore intended to go along with
• him.

• I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolu-
• tion, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle



• with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate
• touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something
• that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's
• abilities, or the mother's discretion ; being sensible
• that in both these cases, tho' supported with all the
• powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her la-
• dyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her
• disesteem : I therefore immediately determined to refer
• the whole matter to the SPECTATOR.

• When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is,
• upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but be-
• lieve that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his
• mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men
• and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and
• carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not re-
• member to have met with its parallel within the com-
• pass of my observation, tho' I could call to mind some
• not extremely unlike it : From hence my thoughts
• took occasion to ramble into the general notion of tra-
• velling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing
• is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and
• law, and under the tuition of some poor scholar, who
• is willing to be banish'd for thirty pounds a year, and
• a little victuals, send him crying and sniveling into
• foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children
• do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advan-
• tage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of
• strange things ; strange indeed to one who is not pre-
• pared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them ;
• whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of
• knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules
• to direct his future progress in life under some skilful
• master of the art of instruction.

• Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature,
• than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a
• mistake ? It is a large field, and may very well exercise
• a sprightly genius ; but I don't remember you have yet
• taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make
• people understand, that *travel* is really the last step to
• be taken in the institution of youth ; and to set out with
• it is to begin where they should end.

• Certainly



• Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is
• to look into their customs and policies, and observe in
• what particulars they excel or come short of our own ;
• to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and
• wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in
• our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted
• from constantly associating with one nation of men,
• by a more free, general, and mixed conversation.
• But how can any of these advantages be attained by
• one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies
• of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind
• the first principles of manners and behaviour ? To
• endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any
• foundation ; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to
• work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

• Another end of travelling, which deserves to be
• considered, is the improving our taste of the best au-
• thors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they
• lived, and of which they wrote ; to compare the na-
• tural face of the country with the descriptions they
• have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees
• with the original. This must certainly be a most
• charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned
• for it ; besides that it may in a good measure be made
• subservient to morality, if the person is capable of
• drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty
• of human things, from the ruinous alterations time
• and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces,
• cities and whole countries, which make the most illu-
• strious figures in history. And this hint may be not
• a little improved by examining every little spot of
• ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some
• famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a *Cato*,
• *Cicero* or *Brutus*, or some such great virtuous man.
• A nearer view of any such particular, tho' really lit-
• tle and trifling in itself, may serve the more power-
• fully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of
• their virtues, and a great ardency of ambition to
• imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tem-
• pered and prepared for the impression. But this I be-
• lieve you'll hardly think thole to be, who are so far
• from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients,



‘ that they don’t yet understand their language with any
‘ exactness.

‘ But I have wander’d from my purpose, which was
‘ only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond *English*
‘ mother, and mother’s *own* son, from being shewn a
‘ ridiculous spectacle thro’ the most polite parts of *Europe*.
‘ Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled
‘ in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be health-
‘ ful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to
‘ cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too
‘ often lasts their life-time.

I am S I R,

Your most humble servant,

Philip Homebred.

S I R,

Birchin Lane.

‘ **I** Was marry’d on *Sunday* last, and went peaceably to
‘ bed ; but to my surprise, was awakened the next
‘ morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These
‘ warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a mar-
‘ riage-concert, and give great offence ; they seem to
‘ insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, und that
‘ jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been
‘ ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a
‘ prelude to a battle in the honey moon. A nod from
‘ you may hush them ; therefore pray, Sir, let them be
‘ silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher
‘ in the morning of a bridal night, which will be a fa-
‘ vour not only to those who come after, but to me,
‘ who can still subscribe myself,

Your most humble

and most obedient servant,

Robin Bridegroom.

Mr. S P E C T A T O R,

I Am one of that sort of women whom the gayer
part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to
shew them that I have very little regard to their ral-
lery, I shall now be glad to see them all at *The Amorous*
‘ *Widow.*



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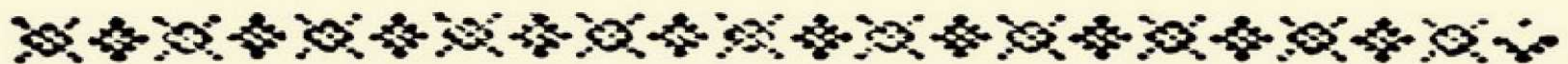
• *Widow, or The Wanton Wife*, which is to be acted, for
 • the benefit of *Mrs. Porter*, on *Monday* the 28th instant.
 • I assure you, I can laugh at an amorous widow, or
 • wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them,
 • as I could at any other vicious character. *Mrs. Porter*
 • obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she
 • seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble
 • passions in the character of *Hermione*, that I shall appear
 • in her behalf at a comedy, tho' I have no great relish
 • for any entertainments where the mirth is not season'd
 • with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it
 • to people who pretend to keep reason and authority
 • over all their actions.

I am S I R,

Your frequent reader,

T

Altamira.

N^o 365

Tuesday, April 29.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus———

Virg. Georg. 3. v. 272.

But most in spring ; the kindly spring inspires
 Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

THE author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us, that
 discoursing one day with several ladies of qualir
 about the effects of the month of *May*, whi
 infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all its in
 habitants ; the Marchioness of S——, who was one of
 the company, told him, *That though she would promise*
to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage
for herself in May. As the beginning therefore of this
 month is now very near, I design this paper for a ca-
 veat to the fair sex, and publish it before *April* & quite

out,



out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate for that of *France*, and that some of our *British* ladies are of the same constitution with the *French* Marionettes.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose, and set a rambling; or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind and soften it to pleasure: or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a *May-pole*, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relic of a certain Pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin *Tarpeia*, oppress'd by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love fit spreads through the whole as Mr. *Dryden* well observes in his description of this month.

*When, sweetest month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
Not the first, the fairest of the year;
When the Graces lead the dancing hours,
Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs.
Sprightly May commands our youth to keep
Vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;*

Each



*Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.*

Accordingly among the works of the great masters painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe *Cupids* confused with *Zephyrs* flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, about this time of the year love-letters come up to great numbers, from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a *Yorkshire* gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one *Zelinda*, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this *May*, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for the better avoiding those calamities, which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shewn how apt they are to tripe in a flowry meadow, and shall further observe to them that *Proserpine* was out a Maying, when she met with that fatal adventure, to which *Milton* alludes, when he mentions

————— *That fair field*
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd. —————

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude this head with *Virgil's* advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the *Snake in the grass*.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions, which our astrological physicians give in their almanacks for this month; such as are a *spare and strict diet*, with the moderate use of *phlebotomy*.